

JUNE 12, 1978

\$1.00

# TIME

**A Week of  
Tough Talk**



## How to Spend \$182 Billion



**HEW Secretary  
Joseph Califano**



724404



## ***"Real's got strong taste. More like a high tar."***

I earned this smoke. If you've ever made a high-speed dune run you know what I mean. Rich strong taste is what you want. That's satisfaction. That's Real. Yet it's low tar. They blended it differently, I guess. More of the good natural stuff. You want a smoke that earns its way on taste? Try a Real.



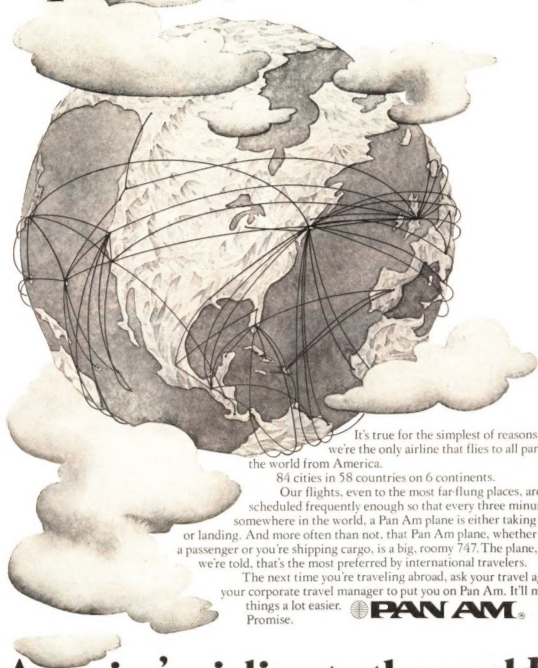
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## A Letter from the Chairman

**F**or almost six years this column has been the territory of Ralph Davidson. This week I am taking it over in order to report two important new executive assignments, including Davidson's. He is leaving the publisher's chair to join the office of President James R. Shepley. His assignment, as Shepley wrote in a memo to the staff, will be "to share the duties of my office and familiarize himself with all of Time Inc.'s major lines of business."

No problems of acclimatization are expected: Davidson thrives on change, as his personal history at Time Inc. makes clear. A native New Mexican who went west to study international relations at Stanford and then traveled abroad extensively as a Marshall Plan worker, he joined TIME in 1954 and held a number of executive positions in Europe with the magazine's international editions. He moved to New York in 1967 as managing director of Time International, became an associate publisher of the entire magazine, and was named publisher in 1972. During his stewardship TIME has enjoyed a period of revenue growth in both advertising and circulation that stands as one of the most impressive in the magazine's 55 years of publication. Editorially TIME has reached new levels of excellence and verve, heightened by a dramatic increase in the use of color pho-

tography. And with approximately 28 million readers in 197 countries, it remains the most influential magazine in the world.

I am delighted to announce that Davidson's successor is John A. Meyers, who for the past six years has been publisher of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. A native of Illinois with a B.A. from Michigan State's School of Journalism, Meyers served with distinction as a U.S. Marine in the Korean War. His 23-year career



Ralph Davidson with Successor Jack Meyers

with Time Inc. has included posts as TIME's associate publisher and advertising sales director, as well as the one he will continue to hold as a vice president of the company. A man of modesty and personal warmth who hastens to introduce himself as Jack and talks quietly of doing "the job at hand," Meyers has humanitarian concerns beyond the magazine; among other commitments, he serves as a member of the national board of the Foundation for Children with Learning Disabilities.

Interestingly enough, the words I would choose to describe Meyers are similar to those he uses to describe the TIME reader he will begin addressing in this column next week. Says Meyers: "He's what you'd call a person of action, looking for new horizons, never complacent. He's someone you'd like to know."

*Andrew D. H. H.*

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# SOMEHOW, SCOTCH BOTTLED ELSEWHERE ISN'T QUITE THE SAME.

Contrary to popular belief, many more brands of Scotch are bottled in America than in Scotland. They are bulk-shipped and bottled here, often using municipal water.

The makers of Cutty Sark, however, remain adamant on the subject of Scottish Scotch.

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# Vigorous enforcement of existing jobs for steelworkers -- and for a



**Fair play in steel trade:  
part of the solution to the steel industry puzzle**

# trade laws can save lot of other Americans, too.

America's existing trade laws were designed to encourage *fair* trade between our nation and others...and also to prevent damage to *any* domestic industry caused by *unfair* trade practices.

One of America's trade laws states that it's illegal for a foreign producer to sell his product in the U.S. at a price *below* his full cost of production.

That's called "dumping." And that's what foreign steel producers have been doing in recent years. "Dumping" their products in the U.S.—in order to keep their plants running, their people employed. What they do, in effect, is export their unemployment to the U.S.

But "dumping" is not just a steel industry problem. That illegal practice affects many American industries and many hundreds of thousands of workers.

**One answer: enforce the existing trade laws**

Free trade, yes. But *fair*. We don't think any American industry is asking for too much when it demands *fair play* here in our own country. When it asks our government for vigorous and effective enforcement of existing laws.

#### Trigger pricing

One attempt to achieve *fair*

play for America's steel industry is the trigger price mechanism implemented by the Administration.

Objectives of the mechanism are (1) to monitor the prices of steel imports into the U.S. and (2) to initiate accelerated anti-dumping investigations of imports priced below the trigger price mechanism.

To be effective, the mechanism must reflect the *full* cost of the foreign producer for steel landed in the U.S. If it does not, it will not really eliminate the unfair trade practice of "dumping."

**Still needed: U.S. tariffs on steel**

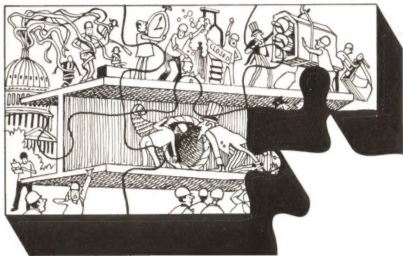
Regardless of the ultimate impact of the trigger price mechanism,

we believe that existing U.S. tariffs on steel should be retained. These tariffs are an element of moderation in the international arena for steel trade. They must be maintained until such time as fair and nondiscriminatory world trade in steel has been achieved.

#### Washington must help

Unfair trade practices, such as "dumping," benefit foreign products and foreign workers at the expense of our own. If you believe the U.S. government should enforce U.S. laws to stop such unfair practices, please write your representatives in Washington and tell them so.

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.



**Bethlehem**   
In search of solutions

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After you find out about the child and the Christian Children's Fund, then you can decide if you want to become a sponsor. Simply send in your first monthly check or money order for \$15 within 10 days. Or return the photo and background materials so we can ask someone else to help.

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Please send my information package today.

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## Letters

### Saudis and Jets

To the Editors:

The Saudis [May 22] have proved their sincerity toward us through their support of the dollar and constant efforts to curtail OPEC oil-price hikes. Now it's our turn. I applaud President Carter's display of fairness in this matter; it's about time someone realized that friendship is a two-way street.

Roger Frisby  
Rockville, Md.

As a Saudi I thought your coverage of Saudi Arabia was thorough and impartial. We are not used to seeing this type of reporting in the Western press. The Arabs have never asked the West to side with them against Israel; rather, all they have asked for is understanding and impartiality.

A.D. Falih  
Houston



Foreign policy pragmatism and oil economics fail to wash over the inescapable truth: to peddle arms in the volatile Middle East subverts our peace efforts there and is both morally wrong and hypocritical.

Joseph E. LaPann  
Collingswood, N.J.

Because of a combination of Saudi oil blackmail and Carter/Brzezinski's short-sighted appeasement policy and apologetic propaganda, the Saudis will now get their military jets. But what that country, which still publicly beheads men and stones women to death, really needs is a 20th century criminal code and not the most advanced weaponry made by mankind today.

George Sauer  
South Orange, N.J.

Saudi Arabia "hurtles into the jet age," but we could carry them much farther. Over the past four years I have urged NASA to put an Arab on the moon (and

bring him or her back). The Saudis can easily finance another Apollo mission. NASA could get more scientific data on and from the moon, and our aerospace industry could be rejuvenated by a few billion petrodollars.

Thornton Page  
Houston

### Stopping Out Is In

The article "When in Doubt, Stop Out" [May 22] is what the philosophy of education should be all about: complementing formal learning (classroom) with the experiences derived from everyday life.

If this does not help the learning process, what will?

Peter P. Koujournis  
New York City

A three-month, tedious, low-paying summer job never failed to reaffirm my belief in the value of completing my education "on schedule." That, and the prospect of repaying my education loans.

Keith V. Abramson  
Hartford, Conn.

A detour via the business world resulted in a 38-year stop-out for me. Iona College's warmth and its programs for those coming in from the cold have enabled me to graduate two weeks after my daughter received her second degree.

Thomas A. Ludwig  
Larchmont, N.Y.

### Parents, Arise!

I, like Tom Hansen's parents, could be used for lack of psychological support [May 22], although my children did have art and music lessons. How was I supposed to know how to give my children something I had never had myself?

All you great, great, great parents. Get ye up from your graves for your day in court.

Inga K. Gilliland  
Stonington, Conn.

As long as we are suing our parents, let us all lodge a suit against Adam, the first of a long line of parents who did not know what they were getting into.

Ralph W. Shoemaker  
Sterling, Ill.

### Rebuttal from the FBI

Your story "Discord and Disturbance at the FBI" [May 1] alleges that I was transferred "to the backwater office in San Antonio" in an effort to rid the bureau of hard-core Hooverites, and that many veteran agents believed I urged Attorney General Bell to prosecute Mr. Gray for the Weatherman break-ins to end the score. The San Antonio assignment was one of the most pleasant and rewarding

of my career. Further, it is absolutely false that I urged (or even suggested) the prosecution of Mr. Gray or for that matter any other present or former FBI employee in connection with the break-ins.

Your article cited alleged concern on the part of some agents that I have been unable to plug damaging leaks of FBI material to the Mafia. It stated that in Cleveland such leaks resulted in the murders of two FBI informants. It does not mention that the Cleveland FBI office solved these leaks, and has stated that there is no reason to believe they resulted in the murders of any FBI informants. In addition, your article alleges that the bureau apparently took it upon itself to delay investigations concerning Bert Lance in order not to offend the Administration and implies that I was responsible. This is untrue.

James B. Adams  
Associate Director, FBI  
Washington, D.C.

TIME's story should not have stated that Mr. Adams urged Attorney General Bell to prosecute Mr. Gray. TIME stands by the rest of the story.

### Marfan and Lincoln

Lincoln a Marfan patient [May 22]? Absurd! Marfan's syndrome patients are hollow chested, with weak arms and legs. Yet Lincoln could still demonstrate his skill with an ax only a few months before his death, chopping logs as skillfully as a man half his age, then astounding witnesses by performing a frontier feat of strength: holding the heavy ax at the very tip of its handle and extending it at arm's length. No Marfan patient could possibly do such a thing. Even when Lincoln was shot, physicians who stripped him down to search for other wounds marveled at his muscle tone.

As Lincoln himself might have said, in between wrestling matches, of course: You can't fool all of the people all of the time—much as we love gossip about our martyred Presidents.

Harold Holzer, Contributing Editor  
The Lincoln Herald  
New York City

As "a Marfan," I was saddened to see the syndrome described only as an inherited skeletal, heart and eye disorder. For it is also true that Marfans are above average in intelligence. Lincoln's qualities of leadership, nobility and power of oration can also be attributed to this disease.

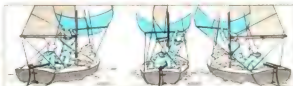
Paul A. Nickl  
Middlesex, N.J.

### Sun Day

You mentioned the intoning of the Zuni Indian sunrise call on Cadillac Mountain on Sun Day [May 15]. The call of "Arise" (*Wah, taho*) was followed by a most appropriate prayer: "Mighty Sun



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**Judith Wilcox**

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**Gregory Kimmons**

"It's peppy, and I like it. It's sporty. That's what I wanted and that's what I got."

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Nope. Opel earns its accolades. By delivering what it promises. Workmanship. Room for 4 adults. Good ride. Quick, responsive maneuverability. And Opel offers good mileage, too. The available 5 speed manual, without air conditioning, is EPA estimated at 42 mpg highway, 27 city. Your mileage will vary depending on how

and where you drive, the car's condition and how it's equipped. EPA estimates are lower in California.

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Or better yet, just ask a friend who owns one. He'll no doubt lead you to pretty much the same conclusion all these people came to.



**If you're looking for a great Japanese car,  
look for a great American name.**

**BUICK**



## Letters

God, give thy light to us. let it guide us, let it aid us."

I am convinced these words will be prophetic and we will "delight in the music of the sunlight" more and more as the years pass.

*Ginia Davis Wexler  
East Sullivan, Me.*

It has finally happened in our day: mankind has accomplished one of his dreams. He has managed to remove completely the importance of the traditional Sunday and exalt a new Sun Day. The Creation is now back to being worshiped over the Creator, complete with incantations and "high places" of gathering.

The new high priests must be quite elated

*(The Rev.) Keith Matthews  
Brandon, Man.*

### Bloom in the Cheeks

Re your article on Mae West (May 22), she says drinking puts spots on your skin. Well, if Mae West is still Mae West, how could she forget to mention the greatest way to maintain your skin and put a bloom in your cheeks—sex.

Surely sex is responsible for maintaining her looks!

*Katherine M. Gonzalez  
Hermosa Beach, Calif.*

### The Waddill Case

After reading the account of the William Waddill case (May 22), I fail to understand why he, alone, is on trial. Are countless other physicians who perform abortions less guilty than Dr. Waddill?

*Ellen O'Brien  
Sepulveda, Calif.*

The argument over abortion will never be settled. The most effective course is to concentrate on 1) creating totally effective contraception and 2) developing neonatal care technology so that an embryo or fetus of any age could be nurtured outside the womb or even transferred to the uterus of a woman desiring a child.

*Linda Uribe Jurewitz  
Williamstown, Mass.*

Mary Weaver wanted an abortion from Dr. William Waddill. Weaver got what she wanted: a dead fetus. Her \$17 million litigation against the doctor is ludicrous.

*Penny A. Demmon  
Huntington Beach, Calif.*

### Cabbages and Navies

TIME notched up a considerable plus mark with the article "Attack on the Navy" (May 8). There were no distortions

of facts or figures but, as a friendly forger, I suggest certain clarifications are needed.

Although the Cuban crisis of 1962 proved to the U.S.S.R. the need for increased maritime capability, Stalin had earlier recognized this fact during the Spanish Civil War of 1936-39. He had been prevented from supporting the Loyalists by the threat of opposing naval forces. The major naval construction program he initiated withered after the German invasion of June 1941, but in July 1945 Stalin ordered the building of a mighty fleet to protect and support Soviet interests.

The resultant navy has many strengths and a compensating pool of weaknesses. One of its strong points is that, in the event of hostilities, it would not have to protect any sea lines of communication because the U.S.S.R. is self-sufficient in a high proportion of strategic materials, and its people, as a senior Soviet general recently said to me, "can live off cabbages—and we grow good cabbages."

*John E. Moore, Captain, R.N., Editor  
Jane's Fighting Ships  
Hailsham, England*

**Address Letters to TIME**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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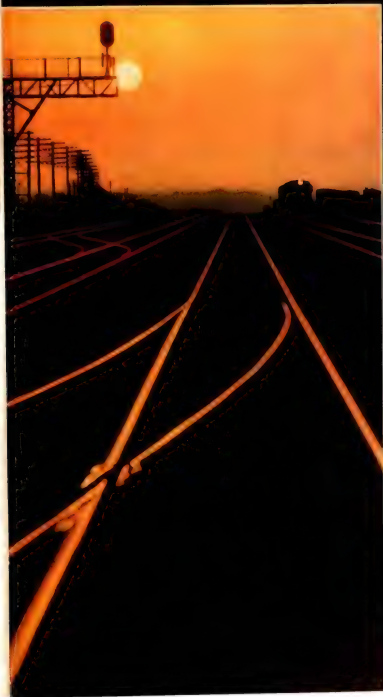
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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 77

## Myth:

Trains still go "clickety-click."



## Fact:

Modern, welded track is quiet and smooth.

There are those who like that rhythmic sound—but not most railroaders. That "clickety-click" means wear at the places where rail is joined. That's why some 60,000 miles of today's railroad track are jointless welded rail—and more is being laid each year to provide a smoother and safer ride.

Last year, the railroads spent record amounts of money for capital improvements and maintenance—\$9 billion for improvements to track, facilities and equipment—up 40 percent over 1975. Rail and tie installations are at the highest levels in 20 years.

The railroad industry is looking ahead to a growing freight load—especially coal. Railroads already are the nation's largest coal carriers and President Carter has called for a two-thirds increase in coal production by 1985. When it comes, the railroads can carry their share—and more, if needed.

Bigger cars, more powerful locomotives and modernized operations mean railroads are able to handle bigger loads with far fewer trains. And these improvements also mean there's a lot of additional capacity already available to handle the nation's future transportation needs.

In most cases, those needs will be met with much less fuel than is needed by other forms of transportation—an important consideration in this time of rising energy prices.

Association of American Railroads,  
American Railroads Building,  
Washington, D.C. 20036

## Surprise:

We've been working on the railroad.



A trainer turning loose some sheep at the start of the sheep-dog trials at annual Sheep and Wool Festival in New Boston, N.H.

## American Scene

# In New Hampshire: Sheep and Shear Ecstasy

"Oh, just look at his eyes. Let's take him home," coos a blonde woman. Clad in an Antartex lambskin jacket draped over the L.L. Bean genuine hand-knit imported Icelandic fleece sweater, she is cooing-cooing into the face of a freshly shorn Shropshire ewe. "But, honey," groans her husband, waving a brand-new shepherd's crook in the direction of the sheep's hindquarters, "it's a she, not a he."

Of course most of the folks who turned up at the second annual Sheep and Wool Festival of the New Hampshire Sheep Breeders Association can distinguish a ram from a ewe. Even so, plenty of them are parading around in costumes that instantly identify them as devotees of what is known in woolgathering circles as "sheep chic": sheepskin vests and coats, shepherds' jackets and lambskin cups. Most sheep chieftains are recent escapees from the suburbs, who get their folk wisdom from *Blair & Ketchum's Country Journal*. But their money and enthusiasm, along with a certain craving for hand-spun yarn and naturally colored fleeces, lend impetus to the recent renaissance in New Hampshire sheep raising.

They flock to the festival in four-wheel-drive pickups, station wagons and huge recreational vehicles for a couple of days of shopping for items that range from electrified fences and worm medicine to a \$200 "rocking sheep" covered in natural fleece. Wolfing down golf-ball-size chunks of fresh lamb barbecue (at \$3.50 a plate), they watch as skilled artisans turn piles of fleece into yarn with Rumpelstiltskin-like skill. After hours spent looking over the thickest Dorsets and Suffolks, fine-haired Merinos, goatish Barbado black bellies and exotic Karakuls on display, people whose only past experience with sheep also involved mint jelly begin to make knowing comments about various breeds. And some of them take notes on the sheep wisdom being dispensed by experts. "If

you comb the fecal matter out of your fleeces, they will bring higher prices," Bob Stewart, a professional wool buyer for Homestead Woolen Mills, explains to a small crowd, while everyone furiously scribbles down every word.

There are practically as many varieties of sheep chieftains as there are of sheep. Take Bob Wain and his wife Pat. A 67-year-old retired Air Force officer, Wain moved from suburban New Jersey to northern New Hampshire a year ago, plunked down several hundred dollars to fence a one-acre pasture and started taking orders for next year's spring lambs. Their "flock" of two newly purchased Southdown Dorset crossbred ewes hasn't even been delivered yet. "First I want to learn to spin," explains Pat, a thin, exuberant woman clutching a sheaf of notes from the fleece-grading lecture. "Then I want to learn to weave. I've been to the library to get all these books."

The very picture of an old New Hampshire sheep farmer, complete with white Lincolnshire beard and a bun of graying hair tucked under a shepherd's cap, turns out to be Bob Richardson, a former candymaker from the Atlantic City, N.J., area. Richardson gave up the trade to become a sawmill worker after some health food fanatics convinced him that candy is poison. Now he lives in Rumney, N.H. (pop. 820) with his three sheep. Says he: "A neighbor had these two, and they were going to be slaughtered if they weren't sold. So we bought them. We didn't know it, but the ewe had been bred and so now we have three. I hope it stops there."

If you keep sheep and want to keep them in order, the thing to have is a sheep dog. The man to get one from at the Sheep Breeders Festival is Maurice MacGregor of Pittsfield, Mass., a bulky emigrant from Northern Ireland who sells border collie pups (at \$150 for an eight-week-old pup

and \$1,000 for a fully trained adult). Selling sheep dogs is his business and many of his sales are made at sheep-dog trials.

MacGregor's clinching argument is a runty border collie with one white eye named Rob Roy. As a cluster of prospective customers watch, MacGregor launches Rob Roy at five skittish Cheviots standing at the far end of a corral 300 yds long. Using skills his ancestors employed to cut weak animals out of the flock, Rob Roy takes off like a shot, slows to a crawl, inches up to the Cheviots and fixes their apparent leader with a mesmerizing stare. As MacGregor yells directions ("way to me, way to me") meaning circle to the right, Rob Roy nudges the flock of Cheviots our way. They have a tendency to fly apart and reconverge like a big blob of mercury dropped on the floor. But Rob Roy finally herds them through three gates, across a narrow bridge and into a pen. All the while an English collie, Rob's distant cousin, watches through the fence with no apparent interest. "The English collie has been ruined," declares MacGregor. "He's got a long pointy nose and no room for brains. You've got to have a dog with a short nose and a good wide head, like Rob Roy here."

There is, of course, a serious side to New Hampshire sheep breeding. A century ago, about 80% of the land was open pasture. Half a million sheep grazed New Hampshire's rocky hillsides. But when the Western prairies opened up it was possible to raise flocks of 20,000 or more animals. The New England industry went into a decline. Roughly a decade ago, when the thirst for things natural took hold in protest against the increasingly plastic quality of American life, sheep began making a comeback. Today there are roughly 6,000 sheep in New Hampshire, mostly in small flocks of ten or 15 animals.

"When you consider that there are some single farms in the Midwest with 6,000 sheep, we're no big deal," says Da-

# Fertilizing: Its importance in creating superior wines.



Fertilizing the vineyard is a vital part in the art of growing premium wine grapes. It is not a simple operation.

## Its Importance

A healthy grapevine can thrive for 80 years or more. In fact, the older its stock, generally the better its grapes.

During the vine's lifetime its nutritional requirements will change from its earliest years—when it is being trained to the desired form for grape growing—to its later years—as it gradually matures into an established vine.

Thus, any fertilizer program that is to be complete must take into consideration both the vine's long-term needs and its immediate requirements.

## Different Needs

Fertilizing is not a simple operation. We know that even within a single vineyard, there are no homogeneous soils. Soil textures can range from fine or coarse sand, to a very fertile sandy loam.

These different soils require different fertilizers in different amounts to compensate for deficiencies. As a result, we have kept a precise history of all the fertilizing experiences in our vineyards over the past 30 years.

We know exactly when, how much, and what kind of fertilizer has been applied to each of our vineyards during that time.

We know the results of those applications—and how long the treatment lasted—down to small problem areas only a few yards square and even individual vines.

One of the methods we use to gauge these results is core sampling—the extraction of a cross-section of earth to be analyzed for nutrients—or the lack of them. Above, you see a rendition of our core sampler being used.

We take samples at various depths down to four feet from any part of the vineyard which may show abnormal vine growth or visual deficiencies for comparison with samples from normal areas. These soil samples are delivered to our winery for immediate analysis. They will be compared for available nitrogen, pH, organic matter, and other important elements in order to determine the source of the problem and the type and quantity of fertilizer which is required.

## Fertilizing As An Exact Science

There are two good reasons why we take so much care when it comes to fertilizing: under-fertilizing and over-fertilizing. Under-fertilizing greatly reduces vine growth and bud fruitfulness, whereas over-fertilizing can produce such exceptionally heavy leaf growth as to curtail bud fruitfulness and grape production.

These phenomena are the result of an imbalance of what is known as the carbohydrate-nitrogen level of the vine.

A high carbohydrate-moderate nitrogen level produces moderate vegetative growth, abundant fruit bud formation and good fruit production.

This is the level we try to achieve in fertilizing our vineyards.

## Petiole Analysis

In addition to normal soil analysis in our vineyards we also employ a test known as "petiole analysis."

The petiole is the stalk of a vine leaf. By taking a sample of it and analyzing it, we can determine the current nutritional status of the entire grapevine.

If we find that a particular area of one of our vineyards is weaker than the rest, we will immediately gather 200 or more petiole samples from that section—plus a like number from a healthier area of the same vineyard for comparison.

By analyzing the tissues of all these samples, we can readily and specifically determine if the weaker area has a deficiency of nitrogen, potassium, zinc, boron or some other vital mineral.

## Our Purpose

These are only a few of the many special steps we take in our vineyards to grow the finest grapes possible.

It is only by such meticulous care along the entire chain of grape growing and winemaking steps that we can hope to achieve our goal.

Here at the winery of Ernest and Julio Gallo, our purpose is to bring you the finest wine that skill and care can produce.

*Ernest and Julio Gallo, Modesto, California*

Write for "The Art of Creating Fine Wines"  
E & J Gallo Winery, Dept. 67, Modesto, Ca. 95333

## American Scene

vid Kennard, 30, an organizer of the festival. Still, to Kennard, a wiry, intense man who speaks with the precision of a schoolteacher, sheep raising makes sense in New Hampshire. "Sheep do excellently on hillsides that can't be used for anything else," says Kennard. "The rough rule of thumb is that one acre of good pasture will support five sheep. With three or four acres you can have 15 or 20."

Sheep are cheap, too, at least compared with other large livestock. A good animal can be bought for \$40. In summer they help keep mowing costs down. Regularly bred ewes add one or two lambs a year, which can be either sold for meat or used to increase the flock. The shepherd can expect to obtain about 10 lbs. of fleece per sheep a year, which can either be spun or sold for an average price of \$1 per lb. Few New Englanders make money on sheep. But, as Fred Courser, 63, a professional shearer who has bartered 10,000 sheep in his lifetime points out: "Sheep are something anybody can have on a farm without paying all outdoors for. You can feed 'em on grass and hay, and you don't have to grain 'em. If you have the wool, you can spin it and clothe yourself. You can even eat 'em if you have to."

Courser has just placed third in the sheep-shearing contest won by rangy Richard Levis of East Kingston. During the contest each sheep is as nervous as a kid getting his first haircut. But shearers imperturbably plunk the animals down on their backsides. Then, clutching a forefoot in one hand and huge barber clippers in the other, they race through the shearing, rolling fleece off the sheep's belly like carpenters planing wood. Afterward, spectators see that careless shearers gouge into the tender skin, leaving traces of blood. "If it looks like Raggedy Ann you know one of these young shearers has done it," says Courser, snapping the gallus of his overalls. "You want to get the fleece off 'em without having too much hamburger when you're done."

The festival's show-stopper is something called a sheep-to-shawl race. Teams consisting of a shearer, four spinners and a weaver compete in converting the hair of an unshorn sheep into a woolen shawl. 24 by 60 inches, in less than three hours. The race begins when anxious spinners scoop up the fleece almost before it is off the sheep and stamped 50 yds. to their spinning wheels in a big corral. Spectators press in as the spinners cunningly twist the fleece into yarn, then turn it over to the weavers, who throw shuttles of yarn back and forth across the warps of their looms with metronomic regularity. "More gray, more gray," barks Debbie Abbott, captain of the defending champion team Minnie and the Hamp-monters. Without missing a beat, her spinners turn to. The resulting shawl, complete and ready for auction in less than 2½ hrs., is sold for \$75. Straight from producer to consumer.

—Jack White





January 27, 1978: Ford engineers conclude a series of scientific ride comparison tests between a \$22,000 Mercedes Benz 280SE, and a Ford Granada Ghia.

## A FORD GRANADA GHIA. HOW DID IT COMPARE IN SMOOTHNESS AND QUIETNESS OF RIDE WITH A \$22,000 MERCEDES BENZ?



### TEST A: SMOOTHNESS

To test for "riding smoothness," Ford engineers drove a Mercedes and a Granada over various road surfaces and at different speeds. Using a sensitive electronic recorder, they measured vibration levels.

#### TEST RESULTS:

**Analysis of the data showed that in 3 out of 4 of the test conditions, "both cars rode with virtually the same level of smoothness."**

### TEST B: QUIETNESS

To evaluate for "riding quietness" both cars were again driven over a variety of road surfaces and at different speeds. A sound level meter recorded their interior sound levels on the dB (A) scale.

#### TEST RESULTS:

**Analysis of the data showed that the Granada rode almost as quietly as the Mercedes. Average of all tests: Granada only one decibel higher.**

#### CONCLUSION:

This Ford Granada Ghia rode with a level of smoothness and quietness close to a \$22,000 Mercedes. Ford Granada—classic styling and riding comfort at a Granada Ghia price.



**FORD  
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AP/WIDE WORLD

Jimmy Carter welcoming European leaders at the opening of the NATO summit in Washington's Kennedy Center

## Nation

TIME/JUNE 12, 1978

# A Week of Tough Talk

*U.S.-Soviet relations worsen as Carter and Brezhnev trade accusations*

**S**oviet and U.S. leaders hurled bitter charges across the Atlantic. The Strategic Arms Limitation Talks seemed all but stalled. NATO leaders put the final touches on plans to build up their forces. On many fronts and in many ways, it was an extraordinary week in foreign affairs, one in which numerous strands of tension wove together, pulling relations between the East and West to their lowest point in years.

Soviet President Leonid Brezhnev warned darkly about a "return, if not to the cold war, then at least to a 'chilly' war." Speaking in Prague, he accused NATO of accelerating the arms race. There may have been an element of grandstanding in his statements, but they nonetheless signified that the Soviets were in no mood to budge on the issues that divide East and West. Said a veteran Western diplomat in Moscow: "It's the worst I've seen in a long time. They're not backing down an inch."

There was also tough talk in Washington as the Carter Administration stepped up its criticism of Moscow for meddling in Africa. National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski harshly denounced the Soviets for violating the "code of détente" and for making a "shortsighted attempt to exploit global difficulties." Brzezinski

and other U.S. officials maintained, in the face of Soviet and Cuban denials, that the rebels who invaded Zaïre's mineral-rich Shaba province last month had been trained by Cuban troops and equipped by Moscow. Insisted a White House aide: "We've got the goods on them. We've got a file three inches thick." The Administration was exploiting the issue of Soviet and Cuban involvement in the Zaïrian crisis in order to make Carter look firm in dealing with the

Soviet strategic threat (see WORLD).

Because of the heightened tensions, both sides overreacted to what normally would have been considered a rather minor incident. Two weeks ago, American construction workers discovered listening devices, including a dish-shaped antenna, in a chimney of the U.S. embassy in Moscow. At the base of the chimney, the workers found a tunnel, which they followed to a nearby Soviet apartment building. They caught a brief glimpse of a fleeing

Russian, who had been monitoring listening equipment, then realized that they were on Soviet soil—or, rather, beneath Soviet soil—and retreated. Administration officials called the incident "particularly nasty." Secretary of State Cyrus Vance protested personally to Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko. Incredibly, Gromyko responded by complaining haughtily that the American workers had cut a Soviet cable—the one that connected the eavesdropping devices with the monitoring equipment.

While the two superpowers were exchanging salvos, the leaders of 15 NATO nations were in Washington to talk about rapidly growing Soviet military forces. To offset the threat to Western Europe, the NATO summit gave final approval to a 15-year

**The President reaffirming U.S. commitment to NATO's goals**



program that will substantially increase the alliance's defenses. But despite their preoccupation with Europe, the NATO leaders wound up devoting much time to Soviet moves in Africa and President Carter's call for them to support the U.S. position. Said he: "Our alliance centers on Europe, but our vigilance cannot be limited to the Continent."

Carter's attacks on the Soviets represent a major policy change. Since entering office, the President has generally followed Vance's moderate approach of amiable cooperation with the Soviets. Indeed, Carter feels that he has gone more than half way. He shelved the B-1 bomber. He deferred production of the neutron bomb. He toned down his human rights campaign a bit. He softened his initially tough SALT proposals.

Instead of reciprocating, Moscow, in the view of the Administration, got bellicose. Two weeks ago, after the crisis in Zaïre, Carter decided that he had to speak out, both to voice his own frustration over dealing with Moscow and to end any suspicions at home and abroad that he was a weak leader on foreign affairs. Said a White House aide: "The U.S. has an interest, tactically and strategically, in letting the Russians know exactly where we stand. The NATO allies and the rest of the world also need to know that."

Thus, for the moment at least, Carter has adopted the hard-line stance that Brezhnev has been urging all along. Indeed, at this point even Vance is not far behind. Said a senior State Department official: "This is not a political reaction. It's not like Panama. This is a threatening situation, and it's coming from the guy [Brezhnev] who can really let us have it."

Besides, Administration officials figured, the strong talk might lay the groundwork on Capitol Hill for winning congressional approval of greater U.S. aid to friendly governments in Africa. In addition, the White House thought a firmer approach to Moscow might improve chances for Senate ratification of a new SALT treaty. Of course, by heightening American suspicion of the Soviets, this strategy might have the reverse effect.

**O**pposition to SALT has been growing in the Senate, partly because of fears that Carter has been too soft on the Soviets. As a result, the Administration is in no hurry to rush to an agreement, and is prepared to wait out the Soviets, at least until after the congressional elections. Said Brezhnev: "We have made, it seems to me, very proper, balanced proposals. If they are accepted, we could have an agreement within days. If they are not accepted, we will wait until they are accepted." The Soviets, however, are also in no mood to make concessions. When Vance and Gromyko emerged from a five-hour session in New

York on SALT, they conceded that they had not moved any closer to agreement. Still, the Administration remains committed to seeking a new treaty. When the Washington Post reported last week that the U.S. had "decided effectively to freeze" the talks and would "reject any new Soviet proposals," Carter called an extraordinary press conference at which he angrily denounced the account as "totally inaccurate." He declared that U.S. policy was and is "to proceed aggressively with SALT discussions [and] to conclude a treaty as early as possible."

At the NATO conference, Carter's most difficult task turned out to be what seemed easiest at first: winning from Western leaders a measure of support on Africa. U.S. officials insisted that Carter was not pushing the alliance to get involved in Africa. Said State Department Spokesman Hodding Carter III: "Our

Helmut Schmidt cautioned the Administration against going too far. Said he: "Acute crises of the moment should not be allowed to cloud the overall horizon." However, British Prime Minister James Callaghan, a staunch supporter of Carter, was dismayed by the Administration's preoccupation with Africa. Said Callaghan: "There seem to be a number of Christopher Columbuses setting out from the United States to discover Africa for the first time. It's been there a long time."

**C**allaghan's sarcasm was directed mostly at Brezhnev, whom the British regard as having panicked over a part of the world he knows little about. Callaghan now sees himself in the role of a wise old uncle trying to steer the President back toward a more cautious approach to the Soviets. According to an aide, the Prime Minister fears that the West is "in a race with death to get a SALT agreement." Callaghan, explains the aide, believes that if Brezhnev, who is ailing, should die without having signed an arms accord, "the new Soviet leadership might become immobile on detente."

Behind closed doors, there was sharp debate among the NATO leaders over what stand the alliance should take on Africa. West Germany, France, Belgium and the U.S. were said to support some form of counteraction to the Soviet involvement, perhaps along the lines of the limited U.S. airlift that ferried Belgian and French paratroopers to Zaïre and that last weekend began flying in Moroccan troops to take their place as a peace-keeping force. But in the end, the NATO leaders softened their final communique to a bland warning to the Soviets against exploiting "situations of instability and regional conflict in the developing world."

Despite the distractions of Africa, the conference devoted a considerable amount of its discussions to the Soviet Union's rapid military buildup. According to a NATO study, the U.S.S.R. will continue to strengthen its forces during the 1980s. On the other hand, NATO analysts foresee growing animosity between Moscow and its Warsaw Pact allies. The study urged the U.S. to persist in seeking closer ties with Eastern Europe at Moscow's expense. But one Soviet relationship, that with Prague, seems likely to stay firm for quite some time. Czech President Gustav Husak last week actually thanked the Soviets for their "unselfish assistance" in invading his country ten years ago and toppling the liberal Dubcek regime.

The NATO summit endorsed a long-term plan to improve the alliance's defenses. Pentagon planners estimate that the program will cost between \$60 billion and \$80 billion with the U.S. paying a bit more than half. Carter also reaffirmed a longstanding policy to defend Europe with atomic weapons, if necessary. Pro-



**Brezhnev in Prague denouncing the NATO summit**  
*Warned by Washington against African excursions.*

basic concern is that Africa remain an African problem." Just what Western nations should do to prevent outsiders from interfering in African affairs was to be discussed at a meeting in Paris that was deliberately kept separate from NATO.

The Administration's criticism of Soviet activities in Africa received a hearty welcome only from Belgium and France. The West Germans, who have been strong critics of Carter's Soviet policies in the past, were largely pleased. But Chancellor

\*The U.S. did gain an ally at the U.N. when Chinese Foreign Minister Huang Hua said of the Soviet Union: "It is the most dangerous source of a new world war and is sure to be its chief instigator." Last weekend Hua visited Zaïre where he declared that the invasion had been part of the Soviet aggressive world strategy.

## Nation

claimed the President: "An attack on Europe would have the full consequences of an attack on the United States. Let there be no misunderstanding, the United States is prepared to use all the forces necessary for the defense of the NATO area."

While the Western leaders easily reached agreement on the defense program, they sidestepped another serious problem: the hostility between NATO members Greece and Turkey over Cyprus. One senior diplomat called the schism "a serious menace to NATO's eastern flank, perhaps even to the alliance's future. It is a terrible wound." Making it even worse, in NATO's eyes, is Congress's

1974 embargo on U.S. arms shipments to Turkey, which used weapons provided by the U.S. in Cyprus.

Last week Carter began an all-out effort at persuading the House to lift the ban later this month. Meeting at the White House with 14 Congressmen who favor repeal, Carter said that the embargo had "driven a wedge" between the U.S. and Turkey and "shaken very seriously the cohesiveness of the NATO alliance" (see WORLD). In a strategy memo distributed to the Congressmen, the Administration outlined a lobbying effort every bit as intensive as the one that preceded Senate approval of the Middle East plane deal.

All in all, it had been a critical fortnight in U.S. foreign policy, and one that U.S. officials figured had been highly successful. Carter had shown new vigor in handling challenges from overseas, and aides thought that he had gone far toward dispelling any notions, particularly in Moscow, that he was a pushover. They also argued that despite the fears of some NATO allies, the President had not gone too far. Noted a White House official: "We don't view all this as an inevitable escalation to another cold war. There is an ebb and flow in the competition and cooperation. That will continue, and we will compete when necessary."

## Rapping for Carter's Ear

*National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski's firm views on how the U.S. should deal with the Soviet Union are gaining ascendancy in the White House. TIME State Department Correspondent Christopher Oquendo reports on the job the former Columbia University professor goes about his job.*

At Columbia, students called him Vitamin Z. At the White House, inner-circle Georgians refer to him as Woody Woodpecker, because his Dagwood-style haircut gives him the cartoon character look, and because he keeps rap-rapping for the President's ear. His friends call him Zbig, and their one-word description is energetic. He thinks fast, acts fast, talks fast. Critics would say too fast, too compulsively and too impulsively. Even his trim body, angular face and darting eyes convey an image of intense energy.

Brzezinski is the only senior White House official authorized to be chauffeured to work each day, giving him time to start on some 400 pages of intelligence reports and opinion papers that flow past him daily. He is often at his desk by 6:45 a.m., and ends the day at 8 or 9 p.m., after eating dinner alone at his desk. His only break is for lunch. Sometimes Soviet Ambassador Anatoli Dobrynin, the only ambassador so favored, comes by for a noontime sandwich. The two doff their coats and eat at a small round table in Brzezinski's office. Essentially a loner with few real friends in the Administration, Brzezinski spends little time with cronies. He sometimes plays doubles tennis against Jimmy Carter, who is usually on the winning side.

Brzezinski holds a weekly staff meeting on Thursday afternoons in the Roosevelt Room. They sound more like post-graduate seminars in political science, economics and psychology than security briefings. The emphasis is on intellectual exchange. Brzezinski accepts criticism from his staff so long as it is not too blunt. He holds, but does not hog the floor. His 31-member staff is lean, and in some areas,

such as the Middle East, the Far East and strategic policy, it is very good.

Highly intelligent and with a generous share of ego, Brzezinski does not suffer fools easily. He gives the impression he does not think there are many people around with better ideas than he has—except for one notable exception: Carter. Asked from whom Brzezinski seeks counsel, one aide replied: "He listens to the President."

Brzezinski's greeting is usually, "Hi, how's life?" His humor is impish; when he was displeased with one Western leader recently, he turned the official's picture to face his office wall and thus "punish him." He can be arrogant, but he tries to defuse touchy situations in public by making self-deprecating remarks. He opened one press conference by declaring, "I will try to respond as best I can or as badly as I will."

Although Brzezinski outwardly almost jangles with controlled intensity, he seems troubled by two apparent insecurities. He appears uncomfortable with the Georgians, some of whom have disparaged him in the past, and he has a tendency to look over his shoulder at Henry Kissinger, with whom he is too often unfavorably compared.

Yet as he has become more public, Brzezinski's confidence seems to have grown. He is still thin-skinned about press criticism and tries to trace the sources of critical remarks, and he is not very comfortable with Congressmen and Senators. To remedy that failing, Hamilton Jordan has been brought into foreign policy decision making.

Whenever there has been what Brzezinski calls bite in U.S. policy toward the Russians, he has either proposed or welcomed it. For now, Carter seems to agree with the need for that bite, perhaps because he hears it advocated so often. Brzezinski sees the President from four to ten times a day. There are still no indications that he has tried to freeze out either Secretary of State Cyrus Vance or Defense Secretary Harold Brown. Both have their own private time with the President.

But Brzezinski has long had the President's ear. Events are helping him to keep it.



The scene was only symbolic, but it was Brzezinski who had the President's ear last week. Vance waited, checked his watch, then hurried off





## "Mischief" in Moscow's Front Yard

*Carter tries a new tack toward Eastern Europe*

While taking an increasingly hard line with the Soviet Union, the Carter Administration has simultaneously—and for the most part quietly—been seeking for some time to improve relations with the Soviet satellites in Eastern Europe. The U.S. objective is to encourage political liberalization and relative independence inside the East bloc. Part of the reason for actively pursuing that goal is Washington's hope that some day Moscow will find itself with more to worry about close to home, and thus be less inclined to stir up trouble far away, in Africa, for instance.

Jimmy Carter's Republican predecessors also sought to strengthen ties with Eastern Europe, but they did so more cautiously and selectively, and never during a period of unusual tension in U.S.-Soviet relations. Henry Kissinger carefully synchronized his Eastern European diplomacy with the Soviet connection. He was concerned that separate overtures to Eastern Europe might provoke the Kremlin into tightening its control over the region. For that reason, Richard Nixon made the first visit by a U.S. President to Warsaw on the way home from the Moscow summit in 1972, and Gerald Ford stopped in Warsaw en route to a meeting with Leonid Brezhnev in Helsinki in 1975. Even during the halcyon days of détente, this concern in Washington over provoking the Kremlin into moving more harshly against Eastern Europe prevailed. Yugoslavia, which is Communist but nonaligned, and Rumania, the only Warsaw Pact country with no Soviet troops on its territory, were treated as special cases because of their independent foreign policies.

Zbigniew Brzezinski came into office determined to combine a "more competitive" approach toward the Soviet Union with a "more differentiated" one toward Eastern Europe. As he told TIME: "We wanted to show that the road to Eastern Europe did not necessarily lead through Moscow." A year ago, Brzezinski prepared a classified Presidential Directive setting forth three guidelines for the Executive Branch: 1) the U.S. should cultivate a closer relationship with Eastern Europe for its own sake rather than as a byproduct of détente with the Soviet Union; 2) the criteria for deciding which countries to concentrate on should include how much they have relaxed their internal rules as well as how far they have strayed from the U.S.S.R. in their foreign policy; and 3) the Administration should maintain regular contacts with representatives of the "loyal opposition" in Eastern Europe—liberal intellectuals, artists and church leaders—as well as with government officials.

The policy quickly focused on Hungary and Poland, two countries that follow the Kremlin's general line in foreign pol-

icy but tolerate considerably more internal freedom than the Soviet Union. In Hungary the government has introduced some profit incentives and free-market forces in the economy, and visitors from neighboring Austria no longer need visas to enter the country. In recognition of these and other reforms, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance traveled to Budapest in January to return the Crown of St. Stephen, a 977-year-old treasure of the Hungarian monarchy that had been in American hands since the end of World War II. The crown is a symbol of Hungarian national pride; its "captivity" in Fort Knox for nearly 30 years had been a constant irritant in U.S.-Hungarian relations, and its

The new U.S. policy has been generally well received among those it is meant to encourage. "There's no doubt the Carter Administration has changed American strategy in a very welcome way," says one prominent Polish intellectual. "Before Carter, almost all contacts were government-to-government and always with an eye to Moscow. Now the U.S. is treating us as an important nation in our own right and an increasingly pluralistic one at that. I hope Carter pursues this policy with even more vigor."

The Kremlin is worried he will do just that. During Cyrus Vance's mission to Moscow in April, a Russian listened with annoyance as a visitor from Washington remonstrated with him about Soviet intervention in Africa. Finally the Russian interrupted angrily: "How can you Americans complain so self-righteously about what we are doing outside your sphere of



American-inspired ceremony in Budapest returning Crown of St. Stephen to Hungary  
More worries near home might discourage Soviet troublemaking far from Moscow

return this year was a gesture calculated to hasten the strengthening of those ties. The Carter Administration also has moved to secure for Hungary most-favored-nation status, a lowering of trade barriers that the Senate is expected to approve in the next few weeks.

Brzezinski has taken a personal interest in coordinating new initiatives toward his native Poland. In the past year Washington has extended more than \$500 million in grain credits to Poland, and when Carter visited Warsaw last December, he sent his wife Rosalynn and Brzezinski to meet with Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, the assertive leader of the country's 31 million Roman Catholics. In Washington, Brzezinski has received a steady stream of visiting Polish writers, academics and journalists, most recently Krzysztof Kozłowski, an editor of the outspoken Catholic weekly *Tygodnik Powszechny*.

influence when you are making mischief right in our own front yard?"

Brzezinski and other U.S. policymakers are acutely aware of the danger that the Soviets might react swiftly and brutally, as they did in Hungary in 1956 and Czechoslovakia in 1968, if their control were to be seriously subverted in Eastern Europe. But at the same time, the Soviet Union is finding it harder than ever to meet its satellites' need for better living standards. The U.S. policy is predicated on the belief that Moscow is more afraid of riots by Polish workers over low wages and high food prices than of Brzezinski's "mischief-making" in Poland, and therefore the Kremlin has little choice but to allow the East Europeans to turn westward for trade. That economic fact of life leads Washington to calculate that it has enough latitude to continue—and perhaps expand—its new East Europe policy.

## Nation

### The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

## It's a Time of Testing

Some of those close to the President see a man wielding power who is struggling now as much with himself as with an angry world. How to get information? What sources to believe? Whom to consult? When to act? What to say? Which of his staff to unleash? Which to restrain?

It is the riddle of leadership. Jimmy Carter's 17 months of training have taught him to appreciate the unnerving complexities of managing power. But his lack of experience still seriously fetters him. Participants in his rising attack on the Soviet and Cuban adventurism in Africa describe a man in a delicate state of doubt, where both courage and hesitation (with a bow for the line to old Political Novelist Allen Drury) show themselves.

"The facts of the Russian threat are now inescapable to everyone," says a strategist. "The President sees what the hell is going on. Up until recently he did not essentially believe what he was told by many concerned people." Carter's act of open-mindedness was truly courageous, by most measures, and led to a clearer picture of the need for more defense spending, ending the Turkish arms embargo, searching for better ways to help beleaguered friends. But then

Carter's political weakness surfaced. Talking tough was a way to rally American voters and foreign leaders, a bit of saber rattling that almost seemed to fulfill a script lightly pondered last fall by National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski. Talking to some congressional aides, Brzezinski said it might be good for Carter if he were to have a "Mayaguez," recalling the ship seizure by Cambodians in which Gerald Ford counterattacked with Marines and raised his prestige. It might, suggested Brzezinski only partially seriously, show Carter's resolve.

Was Zaire Carter's *Mayaguez*, unintentional or otherwise? Over at the State Department, where the blood runs thinner and cooler, they watched with fascination, felt the changing moods hour by hour. After Carter dined with France's President Giscard d'Estaing, who sent paratroopers to Kolwezi, the internal White House talk toughened. There was almost exhilaration, not an uncommon emotion in the White House when a good clean crisis is in the offing, with bad guys to denounce and admired allies standing shoulder to shoulder. Then a series of political meetings between Carter's domestic tacticians Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell fed



Secretary of State Henry Clay  
Counseling calmness.

riveting (even exaggerated) language into Carter's speeches. Brzezinski, back from China and enjoying new resonance with his President, hit the air waves via *Meet the Press* with still sterner talk. Although he went along with the tougher approach, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance moved from Cabinet Room to presidential office counseling his brand of calm deliberation, which in some ways is closer to Jimmy Carter's true nature. Vance's soothing hand could be felt in the rush of events while NATO met, the U.N. debated and almost everybody talked up.

As Carter has grappled with his problems during the past weeks, there have been hints that strong men like Brzezinski, even without willing it, expanded their influence to fill the vacuums created by the President's hesitations. In some cases, Carter benefited. Senators Howard Baker and Abe Ribicoff seized the initiative on the plane sales to the Middle East, Congressmen Tom Foley and James Jones moved out ahead of the White House to get something going on wheat prices and the jammed-up tax bill.

As they watched Carter last week trying to find his way through the thicket, optimists saw the beginnings of a subtler, more effective Carter leadership, a comforting reliance on some skilled Government veterans. Pessimists worried that Carter was in danger of losing control of both men and events.

At the State Department, which blessedly goes on from President to President, crisis to crisis, they reached back for some wisdom attributed to Henry Clay, a Secretary of State himself, and a man who knew something about leadership: "I cannot at this juncture clearly foretell the outcome, but I counsel you to cultivate calmness of mind and prepare for the worst."

## ERA Countdown

### Illinois approaches a vote

Each day when the Illinois legislature is in session, women costumed as suffragists in blouses and long skirts hold a silent vigil in the state capitol. The women, like many others, are waiting for the legislators to vote on the Equal Rights Amendment. ERA will die if not approved by 38 states before March 22, 1979, and Illinois, the one Northern industrial state yet to pass the measure, could be the 36th. Ratification there would keep alive the amendment's slim chance of approval before the deadline. Even ERA supporters concede that defeat in Illinois would make it nearly impossible for them to persuade three other state legislatures to go along. In that case, the amendment could only be saved by a congressional vote to extend the deadline beyond next March.

The Illinois general assembly has voted on the amendment every year since 1972, but so far it has failed to win the required three-fifths approval in both houses. During the 1976 session, it was defeated in the senate by a mere seven votes. President Carter took up the cause before the legislature, saying, "What you do here in this chamber over the next few weeks might very well determine whether women have equal rights under the U.S. Constitution."

ERA supporters in Illinois have adopted a savvy approach to politicking. The usually nonpartisan League of Women Voters has joined the ERA backers. The women of the League have hired three of the state's toughest lobbyists, one of them, Gerald Shea, a former Illinois house majority leader who has close ties to the Chicago Democratic machine.

Chicago Mayor Michael Bilandic has endorsed ERA, and Republican Governor James Thompson called for ratification in his State of the State address this year, but many Illinois politicians regard the ERA issue as a political time bomb and have been reluctant to apply their political muscle on its behalf.

To take advantage of the momentum they have been building over the past few months, ERA supporters agree that the issue must come to a vote before the legislative session closes on June 30. A number of representatives continue to waver, however, and the amendment's supporters are wary of calling for a vote until they are sure they have maximum support. Worries League of Women Voters Lobbyist Gloria Craven: "Taking a stand on an issue like this in an election year is tough." Regardless of what happens, Naomi Ross of the National Organization for Women maintains that ERA's foes "will be very sorry they made us work this hard. Women are in politics in Illinois as they've never been before, and we're never getting out again."



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# Where the Grass Is Greener

Potent home-grown pot blossoms into a new cash crop

Now still caps the fir-covered mountains of southwest Oregon despite the warm spring sun that has lured burly loggers from their hibernation and drawn orchardmen back to their pear trees. In this lovely, sparsely populated land, dark green trees provide jobs and profits. But among the budding fruit boughs of the Rogue River Valley and in isolated clearings hacked deep in the quiet cedar and pine forests, new patches of a distinctly lighter green are flourishing this spring. Like pears and firs, this crop is a moneymaker, yielding an estimated \$70 million a year. But, unlike the other natural products of the valley, it is illegal. The plant is *sinsmillas* (Spanish for seedless), a highly cultivated strain of marijuana that has recently found favor with U.S. pot smokers. It thrives in the fertile soil and relaxed legal atmosphere of southern Oregon.

The heady plunge into the pot agribusiness began in 1973, when Oregon's legislature reduced the penalty for possession of less than an ounce of the weed to no jail sentence and a maximum \$100 fine. Bookstores soon reported a brisk trade in manuals like *The Complete Guide to Growing Marijuana Cultivation* still remains a crime punishable by a maximum ten years in jail and a \$2,500 fine, but the more tolerant law on possession seemed to wilt the ardor of anti-dope investigators. "The police just don't care as much since the state decriminalized possession of less than an ounce," says one grower. Soon after the legislature's action, police stumbled upon more than an acre of pot near a shed stocked with drying racks, bags and labels with the brand name American Dream printed in purple. Then a logger was nearly killed when he tripped a dynamite trap around a well-tended marijuana patch. "That's when we began to think that this was serious business," recalls Oregon Narcotics Agent Garold Assmus.

Last year Assmus flew over the state's backwoods to check out reports of clandestine pot farms. "We saw a whole lot more than we ever suspected," he recalls, flipping through color photos of half-acre patches that pock the hillsides. "It's all over the place." To escape detection, many weed farmers raise their plants on terrain owned by the government or the lumber companies. Rural police say they do not have the time or the money to chase

after all the tiny plots in remote areas. Residents sympathize with the lawmen's plight and pay little heed to the modern-day bootleggers. Signs former State Senator Lynn Newberry. "I suppose it's a similar situation to when alcohol was prohibited. You just can't get all the stiffs."

Equally adept at agronomy and foiling the police, Oregon's pot farmers



Harvesting part of the multimillion-dollar marijuana crop in Oregon

"The paranoia gets so thick that you could cut it with a knife."

turned home-grown weed into a profitable racket by developing their unique *sinsmillas* hybrid. The robust, waste-free strain attracts buyers willing to pay \$1,600 a pound, the yield from just one well-cultivated plant. Studies show that *sinsmillas* weed contains five times more tetrahydrocannabinol (pot's narcotic ingredient) than the common Mexican variety. Even federal drug experts are impressed. "A good deal of expertise goes into producing that kind of plant," notes Dr. Carlton Turner, director of marijuana research for the National Institute of Drug Abuse at the University of Mississippi.

The *sinsmillas* craze has crossed the

border into northern California, where Humboldt County police claim that pot cultivation jumped this year by 500%. In small towns like Garberville, marijuana has assumed an influential role in local business. Says Ted Kogon, owner of the Evergreen Natural Foods and Access Store, "Every shop along Main Street is underwritten with dope money." Hyperbole perhaps, but many local citizens are convinced that the weed has boosted prosperity. "If it's ever legalized, it will be a great industry for this county," asserts Rick Nelson, managing editor of the regional daily *Times-Standard*.

Mellowed by their hefty profits, pot farmers in the Northwest have evolved into a genuine subculture of the farming community. Many of them were urban hippies who migrated to the region seeking a pastoral life-style. These days, they look like the "straight," native farmers of the back country and follow similar seasonal rituals. After the October harvest, reports *TIME*'s Doug Brew, elite growers are invited to the annual Doper's Fair in Oregon's Josephine County. They bring along prime crop samples and judge each other by secret ballot for taste, fragrance and strength. "For the best-tasting grass," says one participant, "you might win a bottle of wine, for the best-smelling grass, a snort of cocaine. It's a lot of fun and everybody's relieved that they made it through the season."

Completing the harvest is no easy task. Windfall loot has spawned violent crime. Crop thefts and armed robberies now loom as more ominous threats than police busts. "The paranoia gets so thick around here in October that you could cut it with a knife," says an Oregon grower. "Some guys sleep in their patches to make sure that nobody rips them off." Across the line in Humboldt County, killings and nightlits have occurred over pot. "We're not used to having any kind of crime," explains County Detective Chris Thiel. Adds Bill Brown, president of the local chamber of Commerce, "A few of us even feel that it might be better to legalize pot so we can get the crime out of here."

That day may not be too far off. Both California and Oregon have considered legislation to allow cultivation of two or three marijuana plants for personal use, and some observers think the bills might be approved next year. If so, backyard gardeners might replace big-time growers in the booming pot trade. Until then, pot farmers in the Northwest stand to reap a bundle this fall from bumper crops—if they don't get bumped off first. ■



# The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the Golden Age of Russia. Yet in this time when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

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## Nation

COVER STORY

# The Beneficent Monster

*Rich and eager to please, HEW is rapidly growing out of control*

If one institution were to be singled out as having the most impact on American life today, it would not be church or school, private corporation or political party. It would be the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. The agency provides funds, advice and regulations for birth, infancy, upbringing, schooling and old age, for the sick and disabled, the handicapped and the gifted, the divorced and the depressed, the sex discriminator and the sex offender, for those who are pregnant and those who are sterile. Whatever the ailment or anxiety, the department will have some remedy among its 400 programs, a range of activities that increases so fast not even HEW's own top administrators can keep up with them all.

In a breathtakingly brief time—just 25 years—HEW has assembled an empire that would be the envy of the pharaohs or the ancient Chinese emperors. Only this is a benevolent empire of round-the-clock services that go directly to 115 million Americans and indirectly touch just about everybody in the nation. It is an empire, moreover, of 1,125,000 bureaucrats augmented by computers. Without its electronic marvels, HEW's accomplishments would be unthinkable. While most of the department's programs are administered from its huge Washington headquarters, Social Security data are processed in a building outside Baltimore by the most extensive computer system in

the world. Every day an average of 20,000 claims are filed; every night the complete Social Security wage file, contained on 220,000 reels of tape, is run through the computers to provide information on the claimants. Next day off go the forms that bring life-sustaining checks to the nation's aged and disabled.

HEW fights racial discrimination and sends welfare money to the needy. The department's health services send a steady stream of payments to recipients of Medicare and Medicaid. HEW conducts more than half the nation's biomedical research into cancer and other killer diseases. The Food and Drug Administration's regulations control products that account for about 25 cents of every dollar spent by consumers. HEW's education division distributes aid to schools and colleges and helps fund *Sesame Street*, the TV program that delights and instructs the nation's small fry. There are other programs for ethnic studies and for mastering the metric system. Human development services provide help for the handicapped, as well as runaway youths, abused children. Indian tribes and Alaskan natives HEW also runs Head Start, a program that prepares disadvantaged youngsters for school. It offers vocational rehabilitation, "meals on wheels" for older people who cannot leave their homes, vending stands to be operated by the blind. In sum, HEW is as broad and varied as American life itself, surely one of the most ambitious undertakings

in the history of the world, financed on a scale that would have amazed the most utopian thinkers of the past.

Yet the more HEW has tried to do, the more criticism of it has grown. Originally established to aid the helpless and the destitute, the department has expanded its programs to take care of people who often can take care of themselves. Its size has become prodigious. Its budget for the fiscal year beginning this October is \$182 billion, up \$17 billion in a single year. HEW has the third largest budget in the world, outranked only by those of the U.S. Government and the Soviet Union. Its spending roughly equals that of all 50 states combined. The department goes through \$500 million every day. By comparison, the Pentagon is a piker's operation (1979 budget: \$118 billion). That fact alone indicates how American priorities have changed.

Of course, HEW is here to stay, as is the welfare state. In part, the Federal Government got into the social services business because a capitalist society, reeling from the Great Depression, seemed unable to respond to pressing human needs, at least not fast enough. But there is now a growing feeling that the private sector has surrendered too much to the public. More and more Americans are objecting not just to the size of their taxes but to how the money is being spent. Today unbounded bureau-



cracy, consuming ever more of the national income, is a problem endemic to the Western world. A fundamental question is how to support a huge welfare state without crippling the vigor of the free economy that makes it all possible—the eagle that lays the golden eggs of welfare.

If any man has the credentials to try and cope with HEW, that man is Joseph A. Califano Jr.—the ebullient, energetic and experienced Secretary of HEW. An impassioned advocate of federal programs, he devised many of them as President Lyndon Johnson's chief domestic adviser. Yet if he is a big spender and a master bureaucrat, he is also a canny enough politician to know that limits of some kind have been reached. Says Califano: "I am trying to make the department a symbol of the manageability of government. I want to deliver the services that have been set up to the people who need them. I think the days are over when we could say it's wonderful we are helping children, older people, sick people; therefore give us all the money in the world without regard to how efficiently we spend it. There are lots of hard judgments that have to be made."

Like most bureaucracies, HEW had a modest beginning. It was created in 1953 from existing agencies by a cautious Republican President, Dwight Eisenhower. In its first year of operation, HEW's budget was a mere \$5.4 billion, of which \$3.4 billion went for Social Security. Immediately the department became a political issue, as congressional Democrats pressured Ike to increase funding. He held off until the Soviets launched Sputnik in 1957. Then the first signifi-

cant breach was made in hold-the-line spending. Fearful that the Russians might surpass the U.S. in science and technology, the President backed the National Defense Education Act, which authorized \$900 million in aid to schools and colleges, especially for scientific study.

**W**hen the Democrats returned to power with President John Kennedy in 1960, higher spending for HEW was on the agenda. Regulations were eased, and the cost of aid to families with dependent children—the biggest welfare program—began to soar. When Johnson became President, HEW was transformed by the biggest growth of federal programs in the history of the nation.

Striving mightily to build the Great Society, Califano helped detonate this compassion explosion; his office churned out some 150 bills a year, and Congress passed about 100. "I can't remember them

all," he readily admits. But they were easy to pass in those days because there was much more optimism, not to say naivete, about solving the nation's problems, and a booming economy made the money available. "In the 1960s," says Califano, "all these social programs didn't seem to cost the American people anything because they were all making more real income. Today, when we increase our investment in one group of people, we are taking it away from some other group."

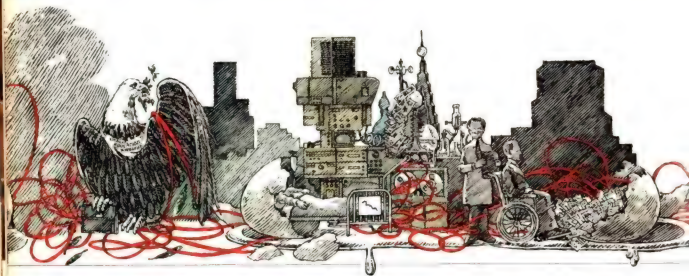
By the end of Johnson's Administration, programs were in place that would dramatically change the nature of the country: Medicare and Medicaid, aid to elementary, secondary and higher education, civil rights, treatment of drug addicts. Scarcely any of L.B.J.'s programs were eliminated by Richard Nixon, or even cut back, and many new ones were added. In 1974, for example, HEW took over state programs for the aged, blind and disabled. The resulting Supplementary Security Income program is now a \$2.9 billion item in the budget. Regardless of what party controls the White House, HEW has achieved a considerable measure of independence and a momentum that cannot be easily arrested.

When he first took over, Califano claims, "HEW was in a state of absolute organizational disarray." He cites the report by HEW's inspector general that the department wastes \$6 billion annually. To try to straighten out the programs and cut down the waste, Califano set up a watchdog bureau similar to the President's Office of Management and Budget. The office has department-wide oversight of budgeting, planning, procurement and



Secretary Joe Califano in his Washington office

*Forced to make coldhearted judgments about warmhearted programs*



reorganization. Though HEW deals with human beings and not hardware, Califano wants to quantify program goals as much as possible. He has set up targets for reducing waste and improving services and is keeping a monthly watch on the progress that is being made.

The campaign is already paying off. The average time for processing disability insurance claims in the Kansas City, Mo., bureau, for instance, used to be 104 days. By the first quarter of this year the period was down to 80 days, well within reach of Califano's goal of 74, set for the end of 1978. Says Califano: "I realize it's not a big thing, but it means we can do it. It is an exhilarating experience for me."

Califano is famed for his inexhaustible drive, and something about him is always moving; if not his mind, then his feet or his fingers. He is used to taking command, to shoving decisions through, to getting things done. He has a habit of scrambling the chain of command—and confounding and angering the bureau-

crats—by pumping information out of the person most directly involved in a program, whatever his rank.

Yet for all his zeal, as he is the first to acknowledge, Califano is only a partial boss of his own house. Sometimes he talks as if he too were just another private citizen gazing in amazement at a bureaucracy nobody can quite fathom, much less control. Authority is so splintered that HEW seems to be run by nobody and yet run by everybody. And everybody wants something from it.

**A** three-way alliance of members of Congress, special-interest groups and bureaucrats pushes a particular program, expands it as much as possible and defends it against all challenges.

As huge sums of money have been made available, swarms of lobbyists have been attracted to Washington, where they prowl the halls of Congress and the corridors of HEW.

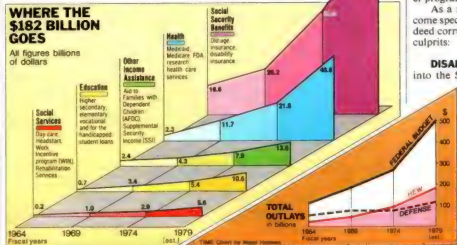
They conquer by dividing. At their urging, Congress passes narrowly focused legislation—so-called categorical grants—that explicitly directs the action HEW is to take. One example: the program to help handicapped children that puts extremely detailed and restrictive requirements on administrators.

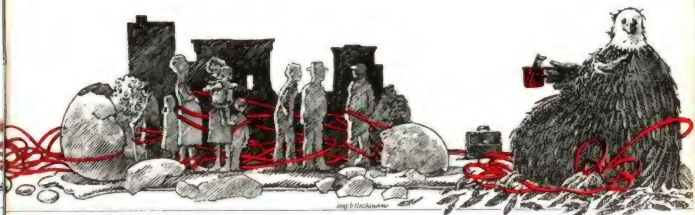
Says Califano: "I think we have reached the point where the greatest builder of bureaucracy in the world today is the U.S. Congress. And Congress is doing it because it wants to help the narrow-interest groups that feel they could not otherwise be protected."

Congressionally supported programs quickly become untouchable. Good, bad or indifferent, they keep proliferating, rare indeed is the program that is eliminated or even cut back because it is not working. On the contrary, if a problem is not solved by throwing money at it, the tendency is to throw still more. As Robert Hartman, a senior fellow at Brookings Institution puts it: "Any time a crisis arises, the only response is to add another program."

As a result, some programs have become spectacularly wasteful, inept and indeed corrupting. A sampling of the major culprits:

**DISABILITY INSURANCE.** Tucked into the Social Security system in 1956, this innocuous-sounding program cost \$1.5 billion in 1965, \$13 billion this year, and predictions are that it will cost \$27 billion by 1985. The number of people receiving disability payments has tripled in 13 years, to 4.8 million workers and dependents, a total that exceeds the population of Virginia, say, or Norway. Disability costs are an important reason for the near bankruptcy of Social Security and the large payroll





tax increase that was voted by Congress last December at the urging of the White House and Califano.

How did so many people become disabled despite the methods of modern medicine? The answer is that they did not. Under mounting pressure from claimants and their congressional allies, the definition of disability has been stretched to the point where it can cover a case of nerves, a lingering depression, even chronic headaches. Disability claims are now swamping HEW, which has had to hire 650 administrative judges to hear all the appeals—more judges than the entire federal court system uses. Even so, there is a backlog of 133,860 cases. If their claims are rejected by HEW, people usually resort to the courts, where they often win.

**T**he disability program offers few incentives to go back to work. The average monthly payment for a family is \$325, but it can go as high as \$1,089, and the payments are tax free. Six percent of last year's recipients increased the after-tax incomes they were receiving before their injuries. There is no income limit on who can be paid. The rich can collect along with the poor—and do. In such cases, the have-nots are being taxed to support the haves. Even though spending on rehabilitation services has doubled in seven years, from \$575 per person to \$1,125, the number of disabled people returning to work has continued to decline. A decade ago, 3% of recipients found jobs; today's job recovery rate is 1.5%. Says Califano: "Our society's attitude toward work appears to be changing. Accepting public benefits no longer bears the stigma it once did, and this change affects the growth in the number of beneficiaries."

Like so many other federal programs, disability insurance has lost sight of its original purpose. Instead of helping to put people back on their feet, it is encour-

aging them to remain prostrate, permanent wards of society.

**HOSPITAL COSTS.** Nearly 12¢ of every federal tax dollar is now spent on health care, and 9¢ of that amount goes to hospitals, the fastest rising expense in the ever expanding Medicare and Medicaid programs. So many beneficiaries are checking into hospitals that the program's costs have skyrocketed, from \$16.5 billion in 1974 to \$31.3 billion in 1977. Nor have hospitals been reluctant to cash in on a program that asks few questions no matter how high the bills. The price of an average hospital stay has jumped from \$350 in 1965 to \$1,300 today, and it is expected to reach \$2,600 in 1983. Hospital costs are increasing at an average annual rate of 13.5%, almost 3% more than the rate of increase in the consumer price index. With every increase HEW's health bills automatically go higher.

With the Government and private in-

surers picking up the check, hospitals have speedily expanded, adding beds that are not needed and competing vigorously for patients by buying such expensive equipment as CAT scanners, sophisticated diagnostic computer devices that cost as much as \$700,000. Califano estimates that there are enough CATs in Southern California to serve the entire western U.S. Having made such heavy investments, hospitals feel compelled to use the equipment even though it may not be necessary, thus driving medical costs up further. The doctor too is encouraged to provide services that are not strictly needed. Faced with the question of whether to cut or not to cut, too many surgeons sharpen the scalpel. The patient in such cases becomes the unwitting victim of a system that is supposed to safeguard his health, not jeopardize it. Of the 700,000 people now in acute-care hospitals, HEW estimates that 100,000 should not be there.

To try to curb costs, Califano has

## Stunning Sums

**T**he cost of helping the nation's victims of disease and misfortune is high. Every time HEW provides a life-saving dialysis for one of its 40,000 patients with impaired kidneys, it spends \$146.79; each patient costs \$22,900 a year. Each of the 442,000 disadvantaged youngsters being prepared for school through Head Start costs the Government \$1,604 a year. Each of the 21.5 million Americans on Medicaid costs HEW an average of \$532 annually.

The sums needed by HEW are so huge in fact that the Niagara of dollars that flows out to Americans can be rendered comprehensible only when placed, quite unfairly, in a wholly dif-

ferent context. If, for example, the money HEW plans to spend next year were given instead to all Americans, every man, woman and child in the U.S. would receive \$824.79.

Another such way of looking at HEW's annual cost is to compare its budget with the price tag of the 25th birthday party it threw at its Washington headquarters two weeks ago. The department celebrated with a two-day bash for 8,000 of its employees and beneficiaries that included outdoor concerts, a chicken barbecue and performances by *Sesame Street's* Big Bird, whose creation was funded by HEW. The price of the whole thing was \$15,000—no small sum; yet, based on an eight-hour working day, the cost amounted only to about what HEW disburses every second.



## Nation

placed ceilings on payments for a dozen laboratory tests, ranging from blood tests to urinalyses, and is demanding better policing of programs. He also wants to set up a group of physicians willing to give a second opinion as to whether surgery is needed. HEW plans to publicize the fact that the Government pays for consultation with another doctor, which is surely cheaper than an unnecessary operation.

In a draconian move, the Administration is backing a bill to put a lid on hospital revenues, limiting them to a 9% increase each year. Totally opposed to such controls, the hospitals have responded with a bill of their own, which has a better chance of being passed by Congress. They want to try to reduce the rate of increase by 2% in 1978 and in 1979; only if they failed would they be subject to federal controls. So far, hospitals have succeeded in slowing the rise in costs by more than 2%, but HEW is skeptical about their continuing to do so.

**STUDENT LOANS.** Beginning in 1958 a series of student loan programs was enacted to make a college education available to virtually everyone who wanted it. Unfortunately, the program does not seem to have educated students to their responsibilities. Although they pay no interest on the Government loans for up to a year after leaving school, and then only

3% to 7%, more than a million former students have not paid up, a default rate of about 16% (the rate for ordinary commercial loans is 2.6%). The cost to taxpayers: more than \$1 billion.

The students are not entirely to blame. Many of them were never billed, because the HEW computers were not working on their cases. Says Leo Kornfeld, a former computer executive hired by Califano to clean up the mess: "If a student was in default, we had no system for detecting it. He could even take out a second loan while in default on the first loan. We wouldn't know about it."

**A**lthough defaulting students from the best-known schools have received the most publicity, 60% of the offenders attended vocational institutions. Some of these were schools in name only. They sprang up overnight and advertised for students with bounteous promises of good jobs. A Federal Trade Commission investigation found that many of these schools were guilty of misleading advertising, deceptive salesmanship and substandard instruction. For example, an airline personnel training school in Kansas City, Mo., that received federal money enrolled 15,000 students, graduated 2,000, and found jobs for only 102. Even after this disclosure by the FTC, HEW approved 2,000,000 more in student

loans for the school—which has since been dropped from the approved list.

Some 1,200 cases of defaulting students have been turned over to U.S. attorneys for collection, and others are being tracked down with the aid of IRS files and post office and motor vehicle records. It has been discovered that 6,783 federal employees, including 317 who work for HEW, are among the defaulters. They are now being dunned, though they have not been fired. But even as it cracks down, the Administration is adding to the problem. Carter has proposed a \$1.5 billion program to extend college student aid to cover most of the nation's middle-class families. The aim of the plan is to head off a bill proposed by Senators Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Bob Packwood that would allow parents to deduct up to \$500 from their income tax for every child they had in college or private school. The White House claims that the credit would cost the Government too much in lost revenues and would benefit the rich as well as the poor. But the tax-credit plan has great political appeal. Last week the House voted 237 to 158 for a tuition tax credit of up to \$250 for each student in college and up to \$100 for each student in a private secondary school. Carter has promised to veto such a bill.

**WELFARE.** To many Americans,

## Under the HEW Umbrella

**F**or low-income families in particular, the programs of HEW and its complementary state agencies help make life normal, if not exactly comfortable. The Palmers are a hypothetical, but typical low-income family in an urban setting that is receiving its legal share of HEW's substantial offerings. Paul Palmer, 45, and his wife, Jane, 40, live in Boston with their four children. In addition, Jane's mother and Paul's father are part of the family.

Every month, Grandfather Jack, 68, and Grandmother Claire, 66, receive two checks in the mail. Jack's green Social Security check is for \$195. He also gets a gold Supplemental Security Income check of \$37.28 (of which \$34.48 comes from Massachusetts, \$2.80 from HEW). Based on her late husband's earnings, Claire's Social Security check is for \$177, and her Supplemental Security check is for \$55.28 (of which HEW contributes \$20.80). The two grandparents get a chance to eat out at meal sites run by a state-administered program set up under HEW's Older Americans Act. They can have one free meal daily. Neither grandparent has to worry about medical bills. Medicaid (equally funded by HEW and the state) and Medicare pay them.

In fact, as long as Paul Palmer, the man of the house, is unemployed and has dependent children, Medicaid will pick up the tab for medical expenses incurred by any member of the family. Paul also gets \$453.50 a month through the Aid to Families with Dependent Children.

Jane Palmer, the mother, who earns \$2,400 a year working on weekends as a waitress, is eligible to enroll in WIN

(Work Incentive Program), a joint HEW-Labor Department effort to train her for a better job. In addition, she can receive free psychiatric counseling from the state to help her cope with her family's considerable problems. Daughter Lucy, 16, became pregnant last December and chose not to have an abortion, even though the state would have paid for it. Instead, she elected to move into the private Florence Crittenton Association home, where all her expenses are taken care of by the State Welfare Office. Should she decide to keep the baby, the two may form a new family unit eligible for HEW Aid to Families with Dependent Children, though they live in the same household with her parents. Her monthly check: \$279.40.

Matthew, 5, is enrolled in the local Head Start program, where he receives free breakfasts and lunches. Mark, 14, is a problem. Last year, after a family fight, he ran away from home and spent a week in a halfway house—paid for by HEW's Office of Children, Youth and Families.

While in high school, Robert, 19, joined the HEW-sponsored Upward Bound program, which helped him attend special courses at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, paying room, board and pocket expenses. Last September he began his freshman year at Northeastern University. A \$900 scholarship from the state coupled with a \$1,600 grant from HEW's Educational Opportunities program covered more than half of the \$4,370 cost. His job in the library, which he obtained through an HEW-assisted work-study program, and an HEW-financed student loan, made up the difference.

All told, the family now regularly gets a total of \$755.65 in monthly cash benefits from HEW, plus \$370.71 from the State of Massachusetts.





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## Nation

welfare payments are synonymous with HEW and its problems. Today the main components of federal welfare—Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC), Medicaid, food stamps and Supplemental Security Income (SSI)—distribute more than \$30 billion to some 30 million Americans. The vast program is unfair and inefficient. Benefits vary widely across the country, in part because the states share the cost of the program, and their contributions differ dramatically. A family of four in Mississippi, for instance, receives \$60 a month; in New York, it would get \$450. Fathers are encouraged to desert, since AFDC payments generally go to single-parent families. If welfare mothers choose to work full time, they stand to lose many of their benefits. Fraud is endemic. Welfare officials in New York City estimate that at least 20% of AFDC recipients should not be getting benefits or should be receiving smaller payments.

After campaigning on a pledge to tidy up the welfare mess, Carter ordered Califano to produce a plan last year. Califano's complex proposal would consolidate grants and try to give needy families a regular basis of support: a single-parent family of four could count on \$4,200. Califano's plan would also try to help people help themselves. Welfare mothers would be able to keep more of their benefits if they went to work, and 1.4 million public service jobs would be made available for low-income people.

Initially, Carter had hoped to reform the welfare system without spending more. The price of Califano's plan was originally estimated at \$2.8 billion, but its critics now claim that the plan would increase welfare payments by \$20 billion a year or more. Congress is considering other ways of tackling welfare, all of which face a major problem: they add a lot more money to the budget during a period of concern over inflation.

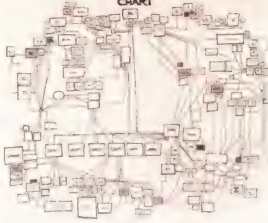
HEW administers a variety of other programs that, however worthy in concept, have degenerated into boondoggles and in some cases may do more harm than good. Every President since Eisenhower has tried to cut back the impact aid program, which was originally designed to help communities with military installations. The idea was to compensate such localities, since they could not tax the bases but had to provide many services for federal employees. Gradually, the scope of the program has expanded to give aid to communities—rich or poor—with just about any kind of federal facility. There is no chance that the program will be reduced, however, since funds are distributed to 411 of the 435 congressional districts. The Administration asked for a cut of \$51 million in the \$780 million budget for impact aid. Instead, Congress will probably increase the funds.

In the 1960s HEW's National Institute of Mental Health developed com-

### STREAMLINING HEW: A NOVEL APPROACH



### DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION & WELFARE REORGANIZATION CHART



Cartoon by Jeff MacNelly of the Richmond News Leader that hangs in Califano's office

munity mental health centers to help alleviate overcrowding in state mental hospitals. The Federal Government assumed that patients would lead more normal lives in a community setting and thus have a better chance of making a recovery, but just the opposite seems to have happened. Thousands of them have been placed by states in rundown housing, where they are unable to care for themselves and get no follow-up treatment. Certain areas have become saturated with these patients, who are often resented and feared by their neighbors. After releasing the results of a House committee survey on the subject last month, Democratic Congressman Claude Pepper commented: "We have a major scandal on our hands."

Much of the blame for programs that misfire is placed on the bureaucracy itself. In their commendable determination to enforce the letter of the law, officials become too addicted to formulas, too oblivious of ends in their concentration on means. Says Carl Coleman, a public affairs officer in HEW's regional office in Denver: "HEW gets the social engineers, the people they call do-gooders. They're committed, and they make a lot of mistakes because of their ardor." His favorite example: the West Coast bureaucrat who tried to ban father-son school banquets on the ground that they discriminated against women.

There are more serious examples of HEW officials rigidly insisting on some exact mathematical representation by sex and ethnic group in institutions. The University of North Carolina, for example, now has a well-deserved reputation in the South for liberalism on race, but after a court order requiring greater efforts to accomplish integration, HEW threatened to withdraw \$89 million in federal funds if the school did not increase the enrollment

of blacks, who constituted 6% of the students on the main campus. The university argued that the figure was so low because blacks could not meet the school's entrance standards as well as whites. When HEW demanded that the number of new black students be increased to 15%, the university balked. A compromise was finally worked out last month that called the higher figure a "goal" to be worked toward rather than a mandatory quota. Califano promised to support the arrangement if it should be challenged in court by civil rights groups.

Hillsdale College in southern Michigan started admitting blacks and women before the Civil War and has no record of discrimination. It accepts no direct federal aid. Nevertheless, HEW is threatening to cut off federal loans and other assistance to some of the school's students because it will not fill out forms on the status of women at the college. HEW claims to be basing its action on a Justice Department ruling, and the case is now being heard by an administrative judge in Washington. For Hillsdale, resistance is a matter of principle. It has embarked on a fund-raising drive to replace the student loans if they are eliminated.

Out in the country where HEW's services are delivered, people often complain that its programs are not tailored closely enough to local needs. This has become more of a problem since Califano took away the power of the ten regional directors and centralized it in Washington. Too few bureaucrats, HEW's critics claim, are rewarded for initiative. Says Robert Mollica, who deals with federal-state relations for the Governor's office in Massachusetts: "Occasionally we will find a bureaucrat who is courageous enough to



At HEW birthday party with Big Bird

*A fascination with social formulas.*

interpret the spirit behind the programs rather than carrying them out to the letter whether or not that makes sense."

Local administrators also complain that HEW tends to start programs too quickly, without giving them sufficient thought or staffing. Then the department demands fast results. Says an official in the Social Security administration in Atlanta: "The people at HEW's management level want statistics showing that large numbers of claims have been processed so they can impress Congress with what a good job they are doing. They don't care anything about quality, all they want is quantity."

Complaints about excessive paper work are universal. Last year the states were asked to work up plans of at least 200 pages in order to qualify for a new vocational training program. Because of all the paper clogged in the HEW pipeline, a textile training school was maintained in Lowell, Mass., five years after the textile industry in the area had disappeared.

The school board in Acadia Parish, La., was ordered by HEW to answer a five-page questionnaire dealing with two applicants for teaching jobs. After the entire central office staff spent three days wrestling with the forms, the board decided to give up \$150,000 in federal aid rather than waste any more time. A Tulsa, Okla., hospital official admits: "We come dangerously close to spending more to control the flow of money and comply with guidelines than we actually get from grants." Califano has managed to cut an estimated 9.5 million hours from the 47 million hours a year that are spent on HEW forms, but he admits that it is hard to notice the difference. Says Education Commissioner Ernest Boyer: "The problem is that you have five people in one town who are affected and 50 in another, and they never get together to celebrate

It's not noticeable because it's so spread out."

In a period of retrenchment and re-appraisal, even an activist like Califano realizes he cannot forge ahead with many innovative programs. But during the campaign Carter promised a program of national health insurance and ordered Califano to produce one before the end of 1978. At a White House meeting on the subject last week, Califano urged the President to support a broad program of coverage that would be phased in over a period of five to ten years. Califano argued that a comprehensive program, including private plans, would be the best way to bring medical costs under control and, in the long run, to fight inflation. But his program would cost HEW a staggering \$30 billion a year in addition to the current \$43 billion. Although he was backed by White House domestic advisers, Califano was opposed by Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal, OMB Director James McIntyre and Charles Schultze, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. They argued for a smaller program, one that would not cost more than \$15 billion to \$27 billion. Whatever the President decides, Congress is distinctly cool to the idea of adding to the already inflationary budget deficit. Capitol Hill also worries about extending medical coverage when the Government has been unable to control Medicare and Medicaid.

On a smaller scale, Califano has also made some strides, not without controversy. Calling cigarette puffing "slow-motion suicide," he has added \$8.5 million to HEW's \$30 million-a-year antismoking campaign. A reformed puff, the Secretary is pushing the crusade with the righteous zeal of a convert. He argues that reduced smoking would cut back health problems—and the resulting HEW expenses.

Califano is also working vigorously to reduce the number of unwanted teenage pregnancies. He was shocked when he first saw the HEW figures: one out of ten American teen-age girls becomes pregnant. Both he and Carter have gone on record as opposing abortions, and Congress has limited funds for abortions for the poor. But Califano believes the Government has an obligation to make as much birth control information as possible available to teenagers, especially those who are poor. He boosted the 1979 budget for such programs by \$142 million, to \$338 million.

The trend is always up, and HEW expenditures, which now make up 36% of the federal budget, are expected to grow even faster in the future. Califano estimates that by the year 2010 real spending on benefits for people 65 and older will have tripled, to \$350 billion a year. At the same time there will be fewer working Americans to provide the money on which the vast superstructure of assistance rests. Because of the declining birth rate, the ratio of working to retired people will shift from 2 to 1 today to 3 to 1

by 2030. Since not much more can be raised in taxes without damaging incentives to work, something is going to have to give. Other Western nations, like Britain and Sweden, have reached the point where a difficult choice confronts them: they must cut back on welfare or let their economies deteriorate. The U.S. is fast approaching this same dilemma.

Better management, more efficient delivery of services, rational reorganization will all help. Though Califano disagrees, Carter wants to take the education programs out of HEW and put them into a separate Cabinet-level department. But moving the pieces around does not get at the basic problem. How many benefits is an individual entitled to receive in a modern, humanitarian state? That the needy should be served goes without saying, but the definition of need has proved to be extraordinarily elastic. Yesterday's luxuries become today's essentials. James Q. Wilson, a professor of government at Harvard, thinks that HEW continues growing because there is something in it for everybody—or so it seems. "We will all wind up getting old-age assistance if we live long enough. We will all get Medicare. Since our contact with HEW is mostly favorable because we receive checks from it, there's always going to be support for keeping things as they are."

But in the long run, something for everybody means less for everybody as a dependent population grows, incentives to work decline, and society loses its vigor, perhaps even its basic character. How to hold down runaway spending by HEW and how to meet needs that are legitimate while rejecting those that are not are the key domestic questions that face the nation in the remaining decades of the 20th century.



With Carter in the Rose Garden

*A question of national goals.*



# "I Love This Job!"

Califano delights in shaking new life into HEW

He gave up a \$500,000 annual income as an influential Washington lawyer—an insider among insiders—to plead the cause of the poor and downtrodden in Washington's most frustrating Cabinet post, at a salary of \$66,000. Yet he enjoys his official chauffeur-driven car, insists on flying cross-country first class, lives in a \$182,000 house. And when he watches the Washington Redskins, he sits in the box beside Owner Edward Bennett Williams.

He can be abrasive and bumptious, often irritating Capitol Hill Pooh-Bahs, and some White House aides, whose help he needs most. Yet a smile usually plays at the edges of his mouth, and his deep laughter is disarming. If he lacks compassion for his overworked aides, cursing their failures, they at least know he pushes himself even harder. And only a few cynical civil servants claim that his passion for publicity shows that a desire for self-promotion overrides his genuine concern for society's vulnerable children, the aged and the handicapped, whom his department is pledged to help.

Grandson of a Naples sailor and son of an IBM executive, Joseph Anthony Califano Jr., 47, is delighted that he has one of the toughest challenges in Washington. Says he: "I love this job! I think it is the greatest job in the Government. We're at the frontier of most of the social and human issues that government touches in a democracy. I mean, this is where it's at."

A nervous, fidgety man, not really short (5 ft. 10 in.), but round (182 lbs.), Califano was linked by capital fashion watchers with the worst-dressed men in Washington. He wears blue button-down shirts, narrow ties and baggy pants. They say because he recently weighed as much as 195 lbs.—a heft reached when, observing his own well-publicized warnings against smoking, he stopped inhaling three packs of cigarettes a day. Instead, he began eating four daily meals and ballooned. Now on a diet, backed by a 45-min noon-hour jog around the Mall, he has ignored his own department's cautions about saccharin. He often drinks Tab at lunch. And he is a shade sensitive about the tendency of cartoonists to exaggerate his double chin.

Because of his rambunctious style, Califano is a tempting target for nicknames. He has been called "Crazy Califano," "Mad, Mad Joe," "the Dynamo" and "the Boy Earthquake." He has also been described as "a loose cannon," and, contrarily, "a torpedo—point him in one direction and he goes." When the tobacco lobby, outraged by Califano's drive to keep young people from smoking, printed bumper stickers proclaiming, CALIFANO IS DANGEROUS TO MY HEALTH, some of

the Secretary's subordinates proudly pasted them on their office walls.

Califano reaches his office by 7 a.m. If others are not at work by 8 a.m., they may get calls at home from him demanding action on something he has read in the morning newspapers or in HEW's "green sheet" of clippings. But he has attracted some good, young talent to HEW. Boasts the boss: "We have the best people who have ever been in this department—and it shows."

A graduate of Holy Cross and Harvard Law, Califano worked on tax and corporate legal problems as a Wall Street lawyer before firing off a presumptuous



The Secretary jogging in Washington

"Rough, tough and ambitious as hell."

letter in 1961 seeking a job from Cyrus Vance, then Secretary Robert McNamara's general counsel at the Defense Department. He became a Vance assistant and was spotted by McNamara. At 29, Califano was made a general Pentagon troubleshooter. In 1965 Lyndon Johnson lured Califano away to become his own special assistant. Ensnared in the White House and loving every minute of it, Califano helped shape many of the Great Society programs that he is now in charge of executing.

Recalls LBJ Crony Jim Rowe "He was rough and he was tough and he was ambitious as hell." Says Jack Valenti, a former Johnson aide: "Joe recognized that the Government is a great shaggy beast that sometimes hunkers down in the middle of the roadway. You have to kick it in the ass once in a while or it gets lethargic."

That footloose style has brought Califano some bad moments at the White House. When Jody Powell, the President's press secretary, first heard of Califano's antismoking crusade, sure to anger the tobacco-growing states, the Georgian exploded: "That son of a bitch! We told him not to do that." Califano denies he ever got such instructions and says he discussed his plan with the President. And despite the predictably strong reaction, especially in North Carolina, Carter reassured the Secretary: "You're on the right track." Indeed, Carter has consistently supported his embattled Cabinet officer.

Califano's few critics at the White House chuckled when the Secretary was caught placing a 402-word notice in the *Federal Register* for what amounted to a departmental chief but which camouflaged the fact that the main duty would be cooking. Although most departments hire such help for VIP business lunches, Califano's notice sought an "extremely confidential, personal assistant."

The Secretary has a solid relationship at the White House with Stu Eizenstat, domestic affairs adviser, whose start in Government was also on LBJ's staff. Eizenstat is the White House aide most often involved in HEW's activities. Says he: "We both have similar philosophies and goals. It is impossible not to like Joe. He is a fighter for the things he believes in." Even Peter Bourne, Carter's top adviser on health matters, who has had some clashes with Califano, concedes, "The White House staff has sort of a love-hate relationship with him. He can drive you up the wall and yet be increasingly impressive at the same time."

Califano has antagonized some key Democrats in Congress. Indiana's John Brademas, majority whip in the House and chairman of the Select Education Subcommittee, was incensed when Califano pushed legislation for an HEW reorganization plan without consulting him first. He accused Califano of practicing "the same damn arrogance, the Nixon arrogance of power." Brademas now says, "I know he rides roughshod, but I think he is well motivated."

These days Califano even draws praise from James Sammons, executive vice president of the American Medical Association, who is opposed to HEW's national health insurance plan. Says Sammons: "I've come to respect him as a talented, intelligent administrator. Sure, we've had disagreements—not on the goals of providing quality medical care but on how to get there."

Humorist Art Buchwald, one of Califano's closest Washington friends, claims that the Secretary is as ferociously competitive at play as he is at work. "He is very untrustworthy on the tennis courts," says Buchwald. "He calls every ball out that's in and every ball in that's out. He always likes to win."

With Buchwald, Washington Post Ex-



ecutive Editor Ben Bradlee and Lawyer Williams. Califano attends Redskins games, lunches at Sans Souci, and the four play elaborate jokes on each other. Williams and Buchwald, for example, announced to an alumni group at Holy Cross that Califano intended to make a large gift to the college—and the audience rose and applauded. The school's president telegraphed Califano "a blessing" for his generous gift. Califano, says Buchwald, was "horrified" upon getting the wire. Unintimidated, he did not increase his usual annual donation.

On weekdays Califano normally works twelve hours or more, and on Sat-

urdays ten. On Sundays he usually manages to play tennis (he is "avid, but pretty terrible," an acquaintance claims), attend Washington's Holy Trinity Church and have brunch with his family at Doc Dalinsky's, a trendy Georgetown pharmacy. His wife Trudy, who still smokes regularly despite her husband's crusade, is a budding artist whose paintings and drawings help decorate their Cleveland Park home. Their children—Mark, 15, Joseph, 14, and Claudia, 7—are kept well out of the limelight. The Califanos own a house on Cape Cod, where they spend a month each summer. They rent it out at a rapidly rising rate. Last year the fee was \$2,500

a month; this year Califano asked \$5,000.

Despite his obvious zeal for his job, Califano has not been able to stop rumors that he may seek a Senate seat soon, perhaps from New York, or that he is even angling to get in position for a run as a member of a Mondale-Califano ticket in 1984, unlikely as that prospect may now seem. Whatever he does, Califano is certain to be gung-ho about it. Looking back on his career, he recalls his L.B.J. days in the same way he now regards his HEW post. Says he: "I thought the Great Society was terrific. It was the greatest job I had ever had in my life. I am the alltime enthusiast."

## Americana



ARTIST: GARY W. BROWN

### Saying "Thank You" with Rebates

When he was Director General of Taxation in South Viet Nam from 1973 to 1974, refunds were far from Nguyen Huy Han's mind. He boasts that he increased revenues threefold by persuasion and strict enforcement of the laws.

But now that he is a Michigan restaurateur, he has picked up on a modish tax idea and applied it to his business. He is handing out rebates to customers. "This is my way of saying thanks," says Han, owner of Pontiac's WE or West-East Ethnic Restaurant.

When he first came to the U.S. in 1975 at the urging of a relative, Han survived on odd jobs and welfare. Last year, on his way to English lessons, Han noticed an A & W Root Beer stand for rent. The owner was so impressed with Han's determination to get into business that he

gave him the place free for a year. Han took \$1,000 in savings and remodeled the stand into a 40-seat restaurant.

At the end of that year, during which he and his sister kept \$100 per month for themselves ("Why take more?" Han asks. "Our apartment costs only \$85 a month"), he had made a \$10,000 profit. Next week he will rebate all of it to his 2,000 regular customers, of whose spending he kept account, at a rate of 30%. One customer, who spent \$1,000 at WE, will thus receive \$300 in cash; the city of Pontiac, which had him cater two parties, will get \$60.

Now that he has conquered his culinary challenges—the hardest of which, he says, was making hamburgers and french fries—Han hopes to institutionalize even higher rebates in the future with a profit-sharing plan.

### Battle of the Bulge II

The U.S. Army general said no. The Lord Mayor said yes. The \$21,000 question: Was Interpreter Hannelore Nelson wearing a bra at the annual asparagus festival in Mainz, West Germany?

General David Martin, commander of the U.S. Army base near Mainz, had come with his civilian interpreter to join in the jolly burghers' celebration. But, to his dismay, he thought he detected a lack of strategic support on Miss Nelson's person. Though there is no written rule on the matter, the Army sent her a flat letter of reprimand.

She took the case to the local workers' council and then to her union, but the Army remained adamant. So she decided to sue and the Army responded by firing her.

The Lord Mayor and the police chief came to court prepared to say that, as far as they could tell, she had been wearing a bra. Without settling whether a bra should be required, the court recommended that the Army pay \$21,000 in retribution, unemployment benefits, court costs and taxes. The Army, in a tacit admission that the affair had grown out of proportion, accepted the settlement.

"I don't know what the whole fuss is about," said Miss Nelson. "I never go without a brassiere. It's not my style."

### School for Scandal

The government was notoriously corrupt. Counterfeiting was rampant. Small businesses were ruined by rocketing inflation. Bribery of public officials was commonplace, and police kept dossiers on everyone. In the midst of the chaos, a dictator seized power and restored order. It was part of an all-too-real experiment in government by a seventh-grade class in California.

Teacher George Muldoon, attempting to demonstrate the inner workings of a capitalist democracy, helped his students set up a mock country. A President was elected, magistrates appointed, money printed, laws written and small businesses established.

But the students were as adept as their elders at beating the system: policemen were bribed, banks defrauded, and a Cabinet Secretary set up a counterfeiting ring. The police, christened with the Orwellian title Department of Beautification, fingerprinted everyone.

When Muldoon learned what his stu-

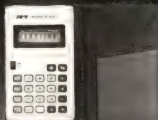
dents were up to, he exclaimed, "My God, we've got another Watergate!" and promptly declared himself dictator. All but five of his 27 students had participated in the corruption. When asked afterward what they liked about the project, the students cited money dealing, counterfeiting and blackmail.



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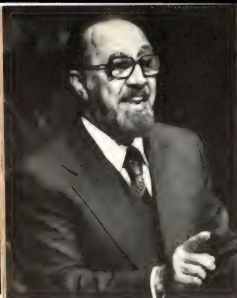
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Cuban Vice President Rodriguez at the U.N.



French Foreign Legionnaires on the road between Kolwezi and Lubumbashi in Shaba region

## World

ZAIRE

# Post-Mortem on an Invasion

*The West ponders the Soviet-Cuban role—and wonders what next in Shaba*

**A**lmost since the day of its traumatic birth 18 years ago, people have been predicting that Zaire—the former Belgian Congo—would eventually go up in flames. Despite corruption, misrule and tribal enmities, the country has somehow survived, but seldom has its future looked as grim as it did last week. True, the latest invasion of Zaire's Shaba region by Katangese rebels based in neighboring Angola had been repulsed. But the damage, political and psychological as well as material, would take a long time to repair. As they sifted through the wreckage, French Legionnaires found the bodies of several more victims of the fighting and massacre. At week's end the official death toll stood at 589 Africans and 131 whites, including a few who had been buried in their own gardens by servants or friends.

Officials in Kolwezi, the copper center that had temporarily been held by the rebels, said it would take at least six months to reopen the mines—and longer, no doubt, to lure back the European specialists needed to help run them. Most of the city's 2,250 whites had been airlifted to safety in Belgium as legionnaires liberated the city. A dozen staff members of the huge Gécamines copper complex returned to hold their regular monthly payday for 13,000 African employees, though not much work was being done. At the main cobalt plant in Kolwezi, only

two senior white managers were left. Said Director Jean van Poiteelsbergh: "Two are enough for a couple of months. But for a year, no."

For the Carter Administration, the most pressing and stormiest question concerning the Shaba invasion was the nature and extent of the role played by the Soviet Union and by Cuba, which now has 20,000 soldiers and 4,000 civilians based in Angola. In addition, the U.S. and its European allies were concerned about how to extend some limited military support to the Zairian government of President Mobutu Sese Seko.

Though Mobutu is as inept as he is ruthless, most Western governments feel there is no real alternative to him in sight as a ruler for a huge country (905,562 sq mi.) with seemingly insoluble tribal conflicts. The French government is anxious to remove the 700 Foreign Legionnaires who freed Kolwezi and replace them with a peace-keeping force to be furnished by several African states. Last weekend U.S. transport planes began flying French troops out of Zaire and replacing them with Moroccans as the first units of a peace-keeping command. But unless the legionnaires are replaced by a force more stable than Mobutu's army, many of the 12,000 Europeans still in Shaba may well leave. Said a Western diplomat in Lubumbashi: "The expatriates are sitting on their luggage. They do not believe the Zairian

forces are capable of controlling the situation. If the European troops go, they go too."

For Mobutu and Zaire, that would mean disaster: The copper and cobalt mines of Shaba are responsible for two-thirds of the nation's foreign exchange earnings, and Zaire needs them to survive. Although the region was relatively calm last week, no one precluded the possibility of another rebel attack from across the border, or of a general uprising by a population suffering from severe poverty and the oppression of its country's own plundering army.

**P**rices of basic foods went up 100% in the past year. The legal minimum wage is \$30 a month, the approximate pay of a laborer or a foot soldier, but it buys only enough meal to feed a family for about two weeks. Social services in Zaire are almost nonexistent, and there is corruption everywhere. At night, after the 6 p.m. curfew, small groups of soldiers appear and begin taking "collections" from the public. For Europeans this practice can be upsetting, for Africans it can be brutalizing. Says a European resident in Lubumbashi: "The army is trying. But the officers simply have no control over their men."

Shaba's newly appointed military governor, Singa Boyenge Mossmbrby, tried to sound a positive note. "I am always an op-

timist," he said last week. "Next year the situation will be completely changed. The whites will be back by August or September." Perhaps so. But those who have remained are demanding a special payment of \$1,000 a month in "danger money," the right to bear private arms, guarantees of evacuation "on demand" and, more significantly, a foreign military garrison. The expatriates have no confidence in the ability of the Zairian army to ward off another rebel attack and no faith in the proposed pan-African force to ward off the marauding Zairian army.

At a meeting of five Western powers in Paris early this week, the French government will offer its plan for a pan-African force. Following that, there will be a previously scheduled meeting in Brussels at which the Western nations will try to find ways to revive Zaire's bankrupt economy. The French have explained to their allies that they are anxious to withdraw the legionnaires because they think the problem should be solved by African and Western countries working together. In fact, they are also a little nervous about being caught in Zaire in the event of another rebel attack. In addition to Morocco, at least two black African states, Senegal and the Ivory Coast, seem prepared to send some troops into Zaire. Morocco's King Hassan II, helped save Mobutu in 1977 by sending a detachment during a previous rebel assault on Shaba. After a visit by Mobutu, Hassan announced that he would dispatch a contingent to Zaire that would be "placed at the disposal of the Organization of African Unity along with other African forces."

Meanwhile, the Carter Administration was caught in a shouting match with Cuba over Havana's involvement in the Shaba affair. Two weeks ago, the President accused Cuba of responsibility for training and arming the Katangese rebels based in Angola, although not of participating in the invasion. At the United Nations last week, Cuban Vice President Carlos Rafael Rodriguez called the charge "absolutely false" and said it was "based on impudently repeated lies." Said Rodriguez flatly: "I can reaffirm that Cuba has not participated directly or indirectly in the events in Shaba." Not only were there no Cubans present in that action but, furthermore, Cuba did not supply the arms for that purpose nor did it train those who attacked.

In reply, Carter insisted, "There is no doubt that the Cubans have a heavy, even dominant, position in Angola, [and] that they were involved in training the Katangans who did invade Zaire.... There is no doubt that the Cubans knew about it, encouraged it and were responsible for their training."

Late last week, the President and CIA Director Stansfield Turner began briefing congressional leaders on the Administration's evidence. The four who attended the first such meeting seemed to come away convinced. Arizona's Republican Congressman John Rhodes said afterward that the information indicated the

Cubans had been working with the Katangese "up to and through the day of the invasion." Said Senator Howard Baker, Tennessee Republican: "I think the Congress will be satisfied.... I don't think there is any doubt that the President has good, hard information.... and I think the Cubans are lying."

Many of Washington's European allies in NATO remained skeptical about the degree of Cuban involvement, and there was no hard proof linking the Cubans to the Kolwezi operation. But documents uncovered and radio traffic have led Western intelligence analysts to speculate that the Shaba rebels were trained by Cubans who had been assigned by Havana to reconstruct the Katangese liberation movement. The difference between the organization, equipment and indoctrination of those who invaded Shaba last year and that of this year's rebel troops was said to be noticeable.

If any doubts persist about the extent of the Cuban involvement with the Katangese, it may be in part because the rebels' history is so murky. Escaping from Katanga in the mid-1960s following the collapse of a separatist movement led by the late Moïse Tshombe, they initially supported Portugal in its fight against the black Angolan liberation groups. After one of the guerrilla groups, Agostinho Neto's Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola, came to power in Luanda, the Katangese switched their allegiance to it. Although the Katangese have helped Neto's government in its continuing struggle with rival liberation groups (see *following story*), relations between Luanda and the Shaba rebels remain somewhat uneasy. After last year's invasion, the rebels—who call themselves the Congolese National Liberation Front

(F.N.L.C.)—began to recruit new members in refugee camps of Zairian-born Lunda tribesmen inside Angola, much to Luanda's annoyance. Understandably alarmed by the growth of this potentially unruly force in a civil war-torn country, Neto's government closed down the F.N.L.C. office in Luanda last January. Apparently with some reluctance, it also allowed some of its Cuban advisers to visit the main Katangese camp at Chicapa in northeastern Angola, prior to the incursion, to provide last-minute tactical advice.

Even without public disclosure of Carter's intelligence material, the limited evidence available strongly suggests that the Cubans did help train and advise the F.N.L.C. and knew in advance about their latest plan to invade Shaba. But as yet there is no proof that the Cubans specifically encouraged the Katangese in this latest effort or trained them for any purpose other than to help the Angolan government. Carter's critics might argue that the President is using the Shaba affair as a political weapon—both to strengthen his position at home and to assert to America's allies the importance of curbing Communist adventures in Africa. He is certainly trying to give the lie to the Communists' claim that they go only where they are invited and that they assiduously respect the O.A.U. principle of territorial integrity. To this extent, Carter could be said to be exploiting the incident for his own purposes.

But the President is right in his assertion that the growing Communist presence in Africa is creating instability in an already volatile region. And he has ample reason to be suspicious. For at least two years Fidel Castro has been promising that he would start bringing his soldiers home. Today he has more troops in Africa than ever before.



European women and children waiting at Lubumbashi airport for evacuation flight to Europe. No faith in the army against the rebels or in the pan-African force against the army.



# The man in the middle just won a big award.

This is the true story of the victim of an automobile accident!  
Let's call him Phil.

A jury has finally<sup>2</sup> awarded Phil \$12,000 for his losses (and the court tacked on \$1,160 for costs), so why isn't *he* smiling?

Watch closely as the tort system gobbles up that \$13,160:

Phil's lawyer (at right) takes \$6,450 off the top.<sup>3</sup>

Dr. A (at left) gets \$600 in witness fees. (He charged only \$425



for treating Phil in the first place—in this crazy system you sometimes make more by telling a court what you did than you make by actually *doing* it.)

Doctors B and C take \$325 more in witness fees and another \$470 or so falls through the cracks, leaving Phil with a check for \$5,311<sup>4</sup>—nearly three years after his accident.

Now a system that used up 3 years and \$8,000 to put \$5,300 into a victim's hands may strike you as unwieldy. And Aetna agrees.

State by state, we're supporting strong, workable "no-fault" auto insurance plans.<sup>5</sup> Where no-fault isn't in the cards, we think compulsory arbitration can help get most cases settled faster and more economically.

Lawyers' contingent fees should be better controlled. And, where appropriate, victims' payments should be made periodic, rather than in one lump sum which some outlive and others never need.

Passing the laws to reform this system is slow, frustrating work, but it is the key to controlling auto insurance costs. Don't underestimate your own influence with your elected representatives. Use it as we are trying to use ours.

## Aetna wants insurance to be affordable.

<sup>1</sup>We've taken post-licensure and put a neck brace on Phil, although his actual injuries didn't require it.

<sup>2</sup>Nearly three years passed between Phil's accident and his award. Such time lags are often a cause of grave hardship, and are a strong indictment of the present tort system. Chief Justice Warren Burger put it this way: "The business of involving the judicial process to dispose of an automobile accident is an expensive and

cumbersome method that should be abandoned, as we did with industrial-injury claims long ago."

<sup>3</sup>Lawyers handling liability cases generally charge a "contingent fee"—a percentage of the award paid to the victim (the percentage may be as high as 50%). Phil's lawyer claimed 40% of the jury award for his fee plus \$1,650 for certain costs advanced. He later advised the press that he had reduced his fee.

<sup>4</sup>In other words, only 44% of the jury award actually reached the victim. More than half was consumed by the costs of an inefficient system—costs which are reflected in the premiums of insurance buyers.

<sup>5</sup>"No-Fault" is first-party protection. Your insurance covers your own medical expenses and lost wages; the losses of whom ever you hit (or get hit by) are covered by his insurance. No-

fault has enormous potential for speeding and simplifying claim payments and controlling the cost of auto insurance. Unfortunately, the no-fault laws in many states (including the state where Phil lived) have so many loopholes that they fail to keep most claims out of court. Aetna supports the passage of federal guidelines which would require states to enact strong laws with real consumer protection.





UNITA Leader Jonas Savimbi, at center with pointer, and aides study map at headquarters

ANGOLA

## Savimbi's Shadowy Struggle

*A continuing civil war threatens the Luanda government*



Young guerrillas with captured weapons



**"T**he Cubans will remain in Angola as long as they wish." So said Angolan President Agostinho Neto, expressing gratitude to Premier Fidel Castro for sending an estimated 20,000 troops and 4,000 civilian technicians to his country. Neto had good reason to be thankful. Without Havana's help—not to mention about \$2 million a day in Soviet aid—the Marxist regime in Luanda would probably not be in power today.

Three years ago, Neto's Moscow-backed Popular Movement for the Liberation of Angola (M.P.L.A.) appeared to have won control of the former Portuguese territory in a bloody civil war against two Western-supported independence groups: Holden Roberto's National Front for the Liberation of Angola (F.L.N.A.) and Jonas Savimbi's National



UNITA commando team fording a river in the bush country of southeastern Angola

*A ragtag army that is well armed, well financed and doing well against the enemy.*

## World

Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA). In fact, the civil war never really ended, and Neto's Popular Movement government, even with Cuban assistance, has not been able to establish jurisdiction over a country that is larger than Britain, France, Portugal and West Germany combined.

In the far northern district of Cabinda, which is separated from the rest of Angola by a 20-mile strip of Zaïre, guerrillas of the small Front for the Liberation of the Cabinda Enclave (F.L.E.C.) are fighting for independence. Unfortunately for the F.L.E.C.'s chances, the squabbling Cabindans are split into three factions; moreover, according to Western intelligence estimates, several battalions of Cubans have been deployed in Cabinda to protect the offshore oil wells that currently provide most of Angola's revenues. Farther south, surviving units of the F.L.N.A. also harass government forces in occasional skirmishes, even though Holden Roberto, 55, now stays mainly in Zaïre. President Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaïre provided much of the F.L.N.A.'s support during the civil war. The Luanda regime may have encouraged the Katangese invasion of Shaba region partly out of vengeance.

Neto's most dangerous opposition is in the south, where UNITA not only fights on but even seems to be gaining a little under the bearded Savimbi, 43, a onetime philosophy student at Switzerland's University of Lausanne. He commands a ragtag army of 5,000 regulars and 12,000 auxiliary bushfighters that includes women and boys barely in their teens. Supported by the Ovimbundu tribe, which makes up about 40% of Angola's population of 6.2 million, Savimbi's forces now control a third of the country. They have gained an advantage by staging successful hit-and-run raids, involving small commando groups of 25 men, to keep government forces off guard.

**T**he UNITA commandos periodically cut the Benguela railroad that formerly carried Zaïrian and Zambian ore to the seaport at Lobito. The sabotage has deprived Angola's government of \$100 million a year in rail revenues. UNITA's guerrilla attacks have also disrupted diamond mining, as well as farming in the Huambo district, which is Angola's main granary. The country's only sizable revenue (about \$700 million last year) comes from oil rigs in Cabinda that are operated under Cuban protection by the Gulf Oil Corp.

Savimbi is well armed and reasonably well financed. Help comes directly from South Africa, which considers UNITA a potential ally in its struggle against the South West African People's Organization (SWAPO), the Angola-based rebel group that seeks to take over Namibia. Ovimbundu refugees, as a result, are allowed into Namibia to escape the fighting, as are some UNITA guerrillas. One

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## World

wounded fighter recently showed up at a South African border camp, where he accepted a field bandage for his leg and a meal of corn mash and gravy. Leaving for the combat zone, he cockily echoed a line that the charismatic Savimbi impresses on his followers: "Without the Cubans and the Russians, the M.P.I.A. is lost. They know it and we know it."

UNITA receives other weapons, ammunition, medicine and spare parts from abroad through Zaïre. According to *In Search of Enemies*, a newly published exposé by former CIA Agent John Stockwell (TIME, May 22), the agency flew \$25 million worth of arms to the F.N.L.A. and UNITA through Zaïre. After Congress cut off such assistance in 1975, Savimbi was temporarily in trouble. Lately, however, UNITA has been getting funds from other sources, including \$18 million reportedly provided by a coalition of wealthy Angolan Portuguese living in Brazilian exile, along with French, Iranian and Arab sources interested in bringing down Neto's Marxist government.

Savimbi's increasing success in the bush has forced Neto to launch a major offensive against him, using both M.P.I.A. and Cuban troops. Despite the government's superior firepower the offensive has been going poorly. There is dissension between the two attacking groups: the Angolans sneeringly call the Cubans "town dwellers" who are afraid to go into the bush, particularly at night. Angolan prisoners captured by UNITA tell of M.P.I.A. mutinies and heavy casualties among the Cubans.

Within the M.P.I.A. leadership there appears to be a split along racial lines. Neto is an *assimilado*, meaning a Portuguese-speaking Angolan who in colonial times had the same privileges as a European. His wife Maria Eugénia da Silva is white—a fact that prompted the appearance of mysterious posters in Luanda demanding "*Morte à rainha branca*" (Death to the white queen). An unsuccessful coup last year led by former Interior Minister Nito Alves, an Angolan black, may have been triggered by the ethnic split.

**T**he Roman Catholic Church, which represents half the population of Angola, has accused the government of violating constitutionally guaranteed religious freedoms. The church complains that children are being sent to other Marxist states for education. About 60 young Angolans are in Cuba to study citrus-farming techniques, and 150 more attend schools there to learn both Spanish and Marxism-Leninism. The protests have provoked government jitters. Angola's principal newspaper, *Jornal do Luanda*, recently called for a "struggle against rumors and rumormongering" that might prove "destabilizing." And the death penalty, which was abolished by the Portuguese a century ago, has been reinstated in cases of "counterrevolutionary activity."

### TERRORISTS

## A Big Catch in Zagreb

*New clues for Rome, but a knotty problem for Bonn*



Terrorists arrested in Zagreb (from left): Mohnhaupt, Hofmann, Boock, Wagner

**W**est Germany's radical gangsters call themselves the Red Army Faction. The Italian terrorists who kidnapped and eventually killed former Premier Aldo Moro flaunt themselves as the Red Brigades. Noting the similarity both in names and methods, many Europeans have wondered about possible links between the two organizations. Did West Germany's R.A.F., for instance, have a direct hand in Moro's murder, as many believe? Last week two new and unexpected clues to that puzzle came to light. They added up to—maybe.

Speculation about the terrorists' connections increased after Bonn announced that four of West Germany's 20 most wanted terrorists had been arrested in the Yugoslav city of Zagreb. Authorities there jailed them for entering the country illegally. The Yugoslavs identified the four with the help of the computerized, increasingly efficient West German anti-terrorist police.

Most likely, the arrests would not have been announced until extradition proceedings had been worked out, but a curious series of incidents in West Germany led to the early disclosures. The chain began with a daring escape by a terrorist from West Berlin's Moabit prison. Flashing the identification cards issued to lawyers visiting clients in Moabit, two smartly dressed young women said that they had appointments to see Till Meyer, 34, and Andreas-Thomas Vogel, 24. The two prisoners were among six terrorists on trial for the 1974 murder of West Berlin Supreme Court President Günter von Drenkmann and the 1975 kidnapping of Peter Lorenz, at the time the Christian Democratic candidate for mayor.

As it happened, Meyer and Vogel were already conferring with their real trial lawyers. That fact apparently made no impression on the guards; the women, who did not resemble the persons pic-

tured on their I.D. cards, were passed through two control points without a security search. Reaching a reception area, one coolly pulled a submachine gun from her bag and the other flashed a pistol as they demanded the release of the two prisoners. A quick-thinking guard grabbed the pistol and pulled Vogel back into a bulletproof cell. But the "lawyers" escaped with Meyer in a Volkswagen minibus that was conspicuously parked near the prison, with three other women in it.

Four of the five were subsequently identified as members of the Second of June Movement, a Berlin offshoot of the Red Army Faction. Their caper was especially embarrassing in light of the fact that three of the women had escaped from another West Berlin jail in 1976. To offset criticism of the shoddy security at Moabit, Bonn then announced the arrests of the terrorists in Yugoslavia on May 11; the news had been kept secret because extradition negotiations were not finished.

The most notorious of the arrested terrorists was Brigitte Mohnhaupt, 28, a one-time journalism student who is a suspect in the murders of both Dresdner Bank Chairman Jürgen Ponto last July and of kidnapped Industrialist Hanns-Martin Schleyer last October. Peter Boock, 26, and Sieglinde Hofmann, 33, are also suspects in the killings. Rolf Clemens Wagner, 33, was on the wanted list not only for participating in the Ponto and Schleyer atrocities, but also for the 1977 air-

bush murder of West German Prosecutor Siegfried Buback.

The arrests particularly intrigued Italian police who are investigating Moro's murder. For one thing, early press reports from Bonn said that among the documents seized with the four were coded messages about an Italian "Alter Mann" or old man. The initials could mean Aldo Moro. Mohnhaupt's arrest triggered memories of an incident in Milan, shortly after Moro's kidnapping. Among motorists



Escaped prisoner Meyer  
*A curious chain.*

## World

CHINA

### Refugees on the Run

*A collapse of fraternal relations*

stopped by police roadblocks was a 30-year-old Milanese leftist who immediately tried to swallow a piece of notepaper. Police retrieved a segment of the note; it was written in German and signed "Brigitte." The swallower insisted that he was simply a messenger, and that the note was about the "Russell tribunal" (a radical political colloquium in Frankfurt, named for British Lord Bertrand Russell, that discussed West German civil rights violations). He was released, but the curiosity lingered on. Could the Zagreb Brigitte also be the Milanese Brigitte?

Whether or not there was any connection with Moro, the arrest of the four was a hopeful sign. For one thing, it showed increased police efficiency in tracking down terrorists. At almost the same time, in another demonstration of cooperation, French security guards at Paris' Orly airport picked up Stefan Wisniewski, 25, another of the most wanted 20 Wisniewski, about to board a flight to Yugoslavia, was stopped when a French inspector recognized the alias on his false passport because of information supplied by Bonn.

**W**isniewski was speedily handed over to West German officials. The Zagreb case did not work quite so smoothly. Yugoslav authorities indicated that they would turn over the four West German terrorists. But they also made clear that in return, Belgrade wanted action on long-standing extradition requests involving "Yugoslav citizens who had committed political terrorism against Yugoslavia." Specifically, they wanted eight Croatian nationalists who have sought political refuge in West Germany. Although the vast majority of the 20,000 or so Croatian emigres in the Federal Republic are politically inactive, there have been incidents in which Yugoslav diplomats were murdered, wounded or harassed by extremists demanding independence for Croatia.

One of the men believed to be on Belgrade's list was Marko Krpan, 26, who was sentenced by a West German court to 10½ years in prison for shooting Yugoslav Düsseldorf Vice Consul Vladimir Topic. But some of the "political terrorists" are considered by Bonn to be political refugees; among them is Nikola Milivevic, who was granted asylum in West Germany since his only "crime" appeared to be that he headed the Catholic Croatian Workers Movement, which had no known ties to extremism.

Under a 1975 West German-Yugoslav extradition treaty, 81 people have been exchanged. Political prisoners, however, fall into a shady area. Except for crimes against human life, such as murder, acts considered to be politically motivated are not extraditable offenses. That leaves Bonn in a quandary. Turning over political prisoners would be improper. But not turning over prisoners that Belgrade wants could delay or possibly prevent the return of the R.A.F. four.

**T**he film footage showed weary, bedraggled refugees, some borne on stretchers, some wrapped in bandages, some hobbling along on crutches. Many were aged, others babes in arms. With the all too familiar misery of the homeless etched on their faces, the wretched bands made their way out of Viet Nam across the Nanhshi River into China. Elsewhere



Refugees fording river en route to China



Woman with bullet from Vietnamese attack  
*Hauntingly reminiscent scenes of agony.*

along the Sino-Vietnamese border, near Tunghsing, 52 escapees were fired on by Hanoi's troops as they tried to flee across the Gulf of Tonkin in a flotilla of tiny fishing boats.

Hauntingly reminiscent of the Viet Nam War, those scenes of human agony were shown on television newscasts across China last week. The dramatic scenes reflected an extraordinary political scenario: the virtual collapse of fraternal relations between Hanoi and Peking, which Chinese propagandists had once described as being as close "as lips are to teeth." Complaining bitterly about the Vietnamese government's maltreatment of 1.2 million Chinese whose forebears settled in Viet Nam more than a century ago, the New China News Agency raged that "persecuted and ostracized" Chinese last week were fleeing for safety into the People's Republic at the rate of about 4,000 a day.

In the past two months, according to Peking, more than 102,000 refugees have streamed across the border into Yunnan province and the Kwangsi region, where emergency measures are being taken to resettle them on state farms and communes. Soon, Peking announced, it would dispatch ships to the Vietnamese coast in order to pick up its mistreated countrymen. In Hong Kong, leftist newspapers predicted that perhaps 300,000 more Chinese would emigrate from Viet Nam in the next few weeks.

**I**n early April, after Hanoi announced that all free enterprise in the South had been abolished, the major exodus began. This belated effort to stamp out the vestiges of capitalism was a particular blow to the Chinese, who have long been among South Viet Nam's most thriving businessmen and black marketeers. In the enclave of Cholon, the Chinatown of Ho Chi Minh City (formerly Saigon), Chinese merchants had succeeded in cornering the trade in black-market rice, as well as such luxury goods as American bourbon, Algerian orange juice, German cameras and Tiger Balm from Hong Kong. Ideologically outraged by this and other flagrantly capitalist enterprises in the South, Hanoi moved to close down private shops, expropriate goods and drive both Chinese and Vietnamese merchants into the swamps, wastelands and forests of the so-called new economic zones in rural Viet Nam.

Carefully avoiding any mention of its own struggles against capitalism, Peking has complained that "many Chinese in Viet Nam had the meager fruits of decades of hard work confiscated and stolen, most Chinese living in Ho Chi Minh City had their property searched and im-



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# DIPLOMATIC

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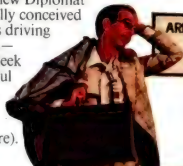
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# DIPLOMAT.



CHECKPOINT

## Pay & Benefits

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# Duty.

"Nobody who comes into the peacetime Army has any guarantee it's going to stay that way. As a military policeman in Berlin, you can see the other side only yards away—like at Checkpoint Charlie. It's odd, because sometimes you'll wave at their guards, and they'll wave right back. It's a human act, but it gives a soldier a very clear sense of his duty—which in my opinion is to protect certain beliefs and a way of life. On just a personal level, duty is doing the best you can. I'm in this job to help people. And I can't walk away."

**Join the people  
who've joined the Army.**

*SP4 Paul Selevh, Berlin, Germany*



# NOW.

## World

THE MEDITERRANEAN

### The West's Ragged Edge

*Between Greece and Turkey, it is still a diplomatic standoff*

pounded before having to flee in a pathetic state."

The vehemence of the Chinese charges has clearly disconcerted Hanoi, which can scarcely afford more trouble with Peking. Already suffering from severe economic problems, Viet Nam is embroiled in a costly war with its Peking-supported neighbor, Cambodia. Accordingly, the Vietnamese Foreign Ministry has asked Peking to negotiate "in a spirit of friendship" the problems involving the overseas Chinese. Meanwhile, Hanoi's official news agency has dismissed the Chinese atrocity stories as "sheer fabrications."

Hanoi has also twitted Peking over its concern about the Chinese in Viet Nam while it inconsistently ignores the persecution of the 500,000 ethnic Chinese in Cambodia. According to Hanoi radio, hundreds of thousands of Chinese in "Democratic Kampuchea"—the country's official name—"have been subjected to blatant repression, mass evictions and massacres." Hanoi has also strongly defended its harassment of Chinese shopkeepers on the grounds that Communism should affect everyone equally. Argued one official press release: "China is a socialist country that also underwent a difficult period, similar to what Viet Nam is now experiencing. China should not cause Viet Nam difficulties in its present work of transforming the country."

**A**nti-Chinese feeling in Viet Nam has roots in China's ten-century-long domination (111 B.C.-939 A.D.) of the country. Nonetheless, there is much evidence that the mass exodus was occasioned by Hanoi's communism program rather than by specifically anti-Chinese discrimination. Already deprived of their shops and goods, the Chinese in Viet Nam are understandably fearful of Hanoi's announced intention to resettle over the next 20 years in uninhabited areas 10 million people from overcrowded cities. An equally draconian resettlement program in Cambodia in 1975 coupled with political reprisals has already cost at least half a million lives. Why has Peking so far refused to accept Hanoi's offer to negotiate the fate of the Chinese in Viet Nam? Some Western observers speculate that Peking may have seized on the Chinese exodus as a pretext to put pressure on an erstwhile ally that is leaning more and more toward Moscow. Soviet technical aid and loans have reinforced the Kremlin's influence in Viet Nam. Fearful of being encircled by Soviet-dominated countries, Peking this year has dispatched high-level diplomatic missions to Burma, Nepal and North Korea in an effort to shore up good relations with border nations. The verbal fireworks that China has exploded

"**T**here are problems within the alliance," declared Turkish Premier Bülent Ecevit, the honorary president of NATO. His audience consisted of the allied heads of government who gathered for a summit-conference dinner in the White House Rose Garden last week (see NATION). Indeed, there are problems, and none is more immediately troublesome to NATO strategists than the four-year-old rift between Ecevit's own country and neighboring Greece. Reflecting the ragged edge of the alliance's southeastern flank, NATO forces recently completed a maneuver code-named Dawn Patrol. Both Greek and Turkish warships participated—but never in the same waters.

Relations between Greece and Turkey were further strained by a jurisdictional dispute in the Aegean Sea. Ever since oil was discovered off Thassos in 1971,\* Greece has insisted that each of the 3,000 Greek islands in the sea has its own continental shelf, making the Aegean an exclusively Greek preserve. The Turks claim that the continental shelf of the Anatolian mainland bestows about half of the Aegean on Turkey. Two years ago, the countries came to the brink of war after Turkey sent an oil-exploration vessel around the area to establish Turkish rights. Meanwhile, both countries still maintain troops in a state of near-combat readiness around the disputed waters.



Turkey's Bülent Ecevit (left) and Greece's Constantine Caramanlis meeting at the White House. The needs of the alliance favor sympathy for the nation that borders the Soviet Union.

At the heart of the Greco-Turkish diplomatic impasse is Cyprus. After a 1974 coup inspired by Athens' ruling junta against the late President Archbishop Makarios, Turkey—using U.S.-supplied arms—invaded the island to protect the minority of 120,000 Turkish Cypriots. The Turkish forces, however, then proceeded to partition Cyprus. They occupied 40% of the island, centered on the industrial north, where virtually all Turkish Cypriots now live. Nearly 200,000 Greek Cypriots were forced to flee, joining their 320,000 ethnic brethren in the south. Blaming the U.S. for supporting the hated junta, which collapsed after the Cyprus coup, and for failing to halt the Turkish invasion, Greece's Constantine Caramanlis severed his country's military

The Carter Administration favors more sympathy toward Turkey, which shares a 370-mile border with the Soviet Union. Turkey also controls the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, strategic straits that provide access to the Mediterranean for Russia's powerful Black Sea fleet. Moreover, Turkey's entire 500,000-strong armed forces have been seriously weakened by the arms embargo; the effectiveness of its air force has declined by 50%. Says Secretary of State Cyrus Vance: "Turkey supplies more ground forces to NATO than any other nation. If Turkey is to continue to play its NATO role, our relationship must be revitalized." Another U.S. official puts it more graphically: "The central question is: Why are we shooting ourselves in the foot?"

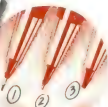
\*The Carter Administration did not put that map.

CHECKPOINT

## Pay & Benefits

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Militant Paul Hake-  
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## World



Wall painting in Cyprus' capital of Nicosia hails 1974 Turkish "Army of Liberation" landing. Coup and invasion led to closed bases, a partitioned island and Aegean disputes

that he would visit Moscow later this month to sign a friendship agreement. "It's an increasingly smaller world," he told TIME State Department Correspondent Christopher Ogden. "It's natural there should be closer cooperation between countries of different alliances."

No one worries seriously about Ecevit hopping into the Soviet camp. For one thing, Turkey's conservative military chiefs—behind-the-throne powers who carefully monitor the country's civilian governments—are considered to be staunchly opposed to such an idea. But some NATO analysts fear that continued neglect of Turkish needs could drive the country toward a more neutral posture. They also note that prior to his departure for the U.S. Ecevit received a precedent-shattering visit from Soviet Chief of Staff Marshal Nikolai Ogarkov.

In the view of top State Department officials, there is another reason for being nice to Turkey: the Turks seem more flexible than the Greeks on the Cyprus dispute. In April the Turks submitted to U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim a 34-page outline of proposals for settling the future of the island. In essence, the Turkish plan calls for a "bicomunal, bizonal" federal government for Cyprus with two legislative assemblies dealing separately with the domestic affairs of their respective populations, and jointly with external affairs and defense. In addition, there would be two Presidents, one

capital) and to allow as many as Greek Cypriot refugees to return to Turkish-held city of Famagusta.

Both Premier Caramanlis and President Spyros Kyprianou have rejected the Turkish proposals as a form of partition of the island. Their proposal demands more limited Cypriot autonomy, a guarantee to their homes for the majority of Cypriot refugees, and withdrawal of 29,000 Turkish troops still on the

Caramanlis has been carrying on his own form of pressure diplomacy. A stone of the Greek Premier's foreign policy is to gain entry for Greece to the European Community. His reason ever, have as much to do with politics they do with economics. Says a Cypriot aide: "Once in, we count on European Community to back us in disputes with Turkey." Ecevit is a that play. After the community's Ministers met last month with they agreed in principle to allay Turkish fears of being isolated by Cypriot.

In all the recent maneuvering has been at least one sign of holding each other in Washington. House before the NATO summit, and Caramanlis agreed to per month-a dialogue concerning differences. The rendezvous will be initiated launched in March by two heads of government met for time, in Montreux, Switzerland, ing that had been scheduled for

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June 12, 1978

TIME



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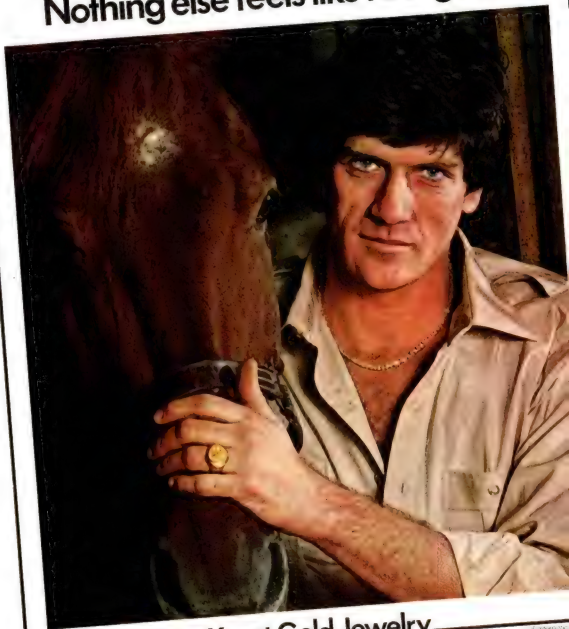
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Find a man who wears it.

Or put a little of it on the one you've found.

**Nothing else feels like real gold.**



**Karat Gold Jewelry**

## World

ITALY

### Days of Whine and Roses

*The synopsis of a real-life opera, with just a touch of Rigoletto*

First performance: Feb. 12, 1978

#### THE CAST

Giovanni Amati, bass, wealthy grand duke of Rome's motion picture emporium, age 72

Anna Amati, mezzo-soprano, his wife, a former actress, age 42

Giovanna Amati, soprano, their rebellious, nubile daughter, age 18

Daniel Nieto, tenor, a tall, dark and handsome French kidnaper, age 31

Maurizio Massaria, baritone, owner of a tobacconist shop, another kidnaper

Ferdinando Impesimato, baritone, a magistrate

Chorus of Journalists, Villains, Friends

Place: Rome  
Time: Winter Twilight

#### ACT I

Giovanna is sitting in a car outside her father's villa in the Via dei Villini. She is eating a pizza. Suddenly a van appears and three masked men jump out, seize Giovanna and bundle her off before she has time to sing one note. The villains bring her to a hiding place not far from her home. The police, in search of Aldo Moro, ring the kidnappers' doorbell on two occasions. When no one answers they go away. A few days later, the villains wrap up their captive in a plastic bag and drive to a more remote hideout. After languishing for days in her new quarters, Giovanna falls in love with Daniel. He too is smitten. Offstage he croons the aria *Posa il tuo capo sulla mia spalla* (Rest your head upon my shoulder).

#### ACT II SCENE I

Some weeks later, the duke goes to Maurizio's tobacconist shop to deliver 800 million lire (\$925,000) in ransom. Soon Giovanna is released and reunited with her parents. They sing the triumphant trio *Al fin ci ritroviamo!* (At last we are reunited!). The Chorus then sings the plaintive *Beneh liberata sia, Daniel ha rapito il suo cuore ribelle* (I thought freed is she, Daniel has kidnapped her rebellious soul). The police raid Maurizio's apartment, and

Giovanna with bouquets of roses. Then he telephones her, singing *Incontriamoci al Colosseo* (Meet me at the Colosseum).

*Meet me at the Colosseum,  
Cruise around on your motorcycle.  
And I will pick you up.*

Giovanna waits at the appointed spot but Daniel fails to appear. Later he telephones again, and his golden voice soars passionately in the aria *Incontriamoci in Via Veneto* (Meet me on the Via Veneto).

*Meet me on the Via Veneto  
Outside the Majestic Hotel  
At 5 o'clock.*

Giovanna speeds to the rendezvous on her scarlet Honda 500 motorcycle. She spies Daniel. At that moment lawmen ap-



Giovanna Amati racing to love's betrayal  
"When I cried, he caressed my head."

pear. Daniel draws his gun, then drops it when the carabinieri fire warning shots. The cruel love trap has been sprung. Giovanna struggles with the police, singing *Daniel! Daniel! Perché arrestate Daniel?* (Daniel! Daniel! Why are you arresting Daniel?). She acknowledges that she has been the unwitting instrument of Daniel's capture. She sings the distraught *Alf sentivo un Giuda!* (I was a Judas!).

*Sometimes, when I cried,  
He came near me  
And caressed my head softly  
He took my part against the other  
bandits  
I hold him in affection*

In the street below, her mother and father meet with eager journalists. The duke sings *Sono distrutto* (I am destroyed).

*I am destroyed  
Everyone will think of  
My daughter as an odalisque  
The Frenchman wrote  
That if I did not  
Give them 1.6 billion lire  
They would send her  
back to me  
In slices.*

Magistrate Impesimato appears, singing *Una ragazza piagnuta* (A brainwashed girl).

*This feeling of guilt occurs in a  
brainwashed girl,  
Filled with fear,  
After long days of living with her  
captor.*

Anna sings a poignant aria *Io perso ogni illusione* (I have lost all illusion).

*I have lost all illusion.  
She is 18 and has debited in  
today's wars,  
Not with a blue-eyed prince waiting  
on his white horse,  
But a prince who has the face of  
Frankenstein,  
Who used carnal violence toward  
her,  
Who sent her treacherous roses.  
Giovanna said she both loved and  
hated  
Her jailer.  
I must say that if this Daniel  
asked the hand of my  
daughter  
With the ransom—and called me  
Mama—  
I would give him Giovanni,  
As a wife!*

As the aria draws to a close, the rebellious Giovanna drops buckets of cold water upon her mother.

Giovanna glowers at the crowd. The Chorus joins in a spirited *tutto, l'uomo che corteggiava* (The man she sought).

*The man she sought upon her  
Honda,  
The lover of whom she was so  
fonda,  
One day with her will be united.*

Today, there's a jewelry look for men, too.  
Cold chain.



Boiling water with least amount of fuel



Model city using no petroleum products

## Energy

### Learning the Conservation ABCs

*More schools are teaching ways to save fuel*

The big event of the day for the eighth-grade students at Ken Caryl Junior High School in suburban Denver is the "Great Boil-Over." Under the rules, contestants are pitted against one another to determine who can boil water fastest—with the least amount of fuel. The exercise is part of a growing trend in U.S. elementary and high schools instruction in the basics of energy conservation. The aim is to prepare students for a world where energy is no longer cheap or plentiful. Teachers explain how students' fuel-using habits touch on the larger issues of dwindling supplies of oil, gas and other fossil fuels and the importance of alternative energy sources.



chine." Another student, Eric Lamoe, 14, says that, at his urging, his family has weather-stripped the doors and changed many light bulbs to 25 watts. Adds Eric: "I don't use my hair dryer any more, and neither does my brother or my mom. It adds up to quite a bit."

Energy instruction in other cities is generally less formal, though the impact of student thinking has been striking. In the Los Angeles school system, teachers begin focusing on energy at the kindergarten level, urging kids to turn off lights and not to linger in front of an open refrigerator for long, languid looks. Chicago schools have for years been teaching environmental science, with emphasis on energy conservation. Mike Palatnik, a teacher at Sullivan High School, made an intriguing discovery: "Kids want cars and material things, particularly boys. They are often hard to reach. Girls, on the other hand, seem to have more guilt about wasting energy."

Chicago's downtown Metro High School has created a course in energy careers. Students pursue individual projects, such as assessing the effectiveness of the city's fuel use, and are aided by Shaeffer & Roland, an environmental management firm. Says Teacher Frances Vandervoort, grandly: "By 1980 there will be 300,000 jobs in solar en-

of solar heating, wind generators and maximum use of insulation. At a recent science fair at Brooklyn's Roy Mann Intermediate School, there was an impressive array of energy projects. One seventh-grade student, Chris Bonagura, 13, built a working model of a solar-heated home.

He was inspired when he became cold one night on an environmental field trip. Says he: "I thought about heating and solar energy—no wasted coal or oil or garbage like that, you know. It's just the sun." At Dwight Morrow High School in Englewood, N.J., Mike McGlue, head of the science department, helped set up an energy program. Says he: "We talk about students' homes—insulation, where the home should be placed, what number of B.T.U.s are lost with different types of insulating materials."



The Department of Energy distributes free teaching aids for schools. Among them are an impressive array of questionnaires accompanied by answer sheets. An example: a sheet showing three pictures of homes asks, "What's Wrong Here?" The sketches depict, among other things, open windows in the middle of winter, a running water faucet and one passenger in a car. For small kids, there are wall posters with cartoons showing what should be done to save: drive small cars, observe the 55-m.p.h. limit, keep the home heat below 70° and take showers rather than soaking in a tub full of hot water.

What does all this effort add up to?





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*Cachets from all of the countries shown will be included in the collection. However, since Governments on rare occasions authorize revisions on short notice, some of these may be subject to change.*

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**"Forest lands  
should be  
protected."**

## Law



Burglarized French cottage with warning sign; inset: owner Lionel Legras

### Burglars and Booby Traps

*To catch a thief, don't use a spring gun*

**T**he isolated country cottage in the Aubre region of northeastern France was easy pickings for burglars, who regularly made off with furniture, children's toys, sheets and kitchenware. After a dozen such thefts, Owner Lionel Legras, 50, operator of a local garage, fastened some shotgun cartridges to the inside of a transistor radio and locked it in a cupboard; he wired it to a timer that would detonate the shells 90 seconds after the radio was moved or switched on. Outside, he posted a warning: ENTRY PROHIBITED, DANGER, EXPLOSIVE DEVICES.

One evening in 1976, Woodcutters René Vermeulen, 31, and André Rousseau, 30, climbed over the fence outside Legras' cottage, forced open a door and broke into the cupboard. Vermeulen turned the radio on, and the cartridges exploded. He was thrown to the floor, his chest ripped open and his right hand blown away. Rousseau, partially blinded, went for help. Vermeulen died. Rousseau, one eye permanently damaged, was charged with attempted burglary.

Rousseau then took a step that raised the case from a local incident to a French *cause célèbre*: he filed suit against Legras, seeking \$22,000 in damages. Even more galling, as many Frenchmen saw it, he nearly got his way. After a month-long dual trial, a court let Burglar Rousseau off with a two-month suspended sentence. As for Owner Legras, however, while no damages were assessed against him, he was declared guilty of using excessive force to defend his home. His sentence: eight months, suspended.

Legras' neighbors were appalled. "A man should want to defend his property from the ravages of criminals," said Marcel Delahaye, mayor of a nearby village. Some 1,000 townspeople marched to the town hall in support of the garage owner,

and 6,000 area residents signed pro-Legras petitions. Huffed one observer at Legras' trial: "Who knows when we will find burglars drawing unemployment insurance in case of on-the-job accidents?"

French law recognizes a right of "legitimate self-defense" for crime victims who are put in fear of their life. But Legras' home was not occupied when the burglars broke in, and the damage done by his device was deemed out of proportion to the petty thievery the burglars presumably had in mind. For these reasons, the judges decided that traditional definitions of self-defense did not apply in Legras' case. But many others disagreed. The case spurred the formation of a Paris-based Movement for Legitimate Self-Defense, which counts several lawyers and former magistrates among its members. Their goal: a broader legal definition of legitimate self-defense. Says the movement's founder, former senior magistrate Francis Romero: "Burglars can choose the time and place of their activities; police cannot. So it is only legitimate that a citizen should be able to defend his family and property the way he chooses."

Legras might have fared even worse in the U.S. Almost all U.S. law schools teach the common law doctrine that "spring guns," booby-trapped weapons that fire at an intruder, are excessively violent when used to protect empty premises. In a 1971 Iowa case, *Katko vs. Briney*, the State Supreme Court upheld an award of \$30,000 in damages to a man who was injured by a spring gun when he broke into the upstairs bedroom of an abandoned farmhouse. In a 1974 case, *San Anselmo, Calif.*, Homeowner Don Luis Ceballos was convicted of assault with a deadly weapon when his spring gun shot a teen-ager who tried to steal some musical instruments from his garage.

Generally, U.S. law permits "reasonable force" in self-defense, which usually means that life-threatening measures may not be used to protect property, only people. Indeed even when he is at home, a citizen takes a risk if he attacks a burglar: in such cases, the courts may consider whether the intruder was a fearsome marauder or just an unarmed teen-ager—and even whether the incident occurred by day or night. Explains Boston Criminal Attorney Joseph J. Balliro: "If you are in bed and the lights are out, and a man comes through the window and says to you, 'Keep quiet or I'll kill you,' you have a right to kill him. After all, how can you tell whether or not he's bluffing? But if the lights are on, it might be different."

Distinguishing between excessive force and legitimate self-defense can be difficult. In Cordele, Ga. (pop. 12,100), for example, the local prosecutor did not see fit to bring a charge of manslaughter against a store owner who responded to small thefts from his cigarette machine with dynamite, an act that resulted in the death of a teen-aged tamperer. But a court awarded civil damages to the boy's mother. Traditionally, though, juries asked to consider burglars' rights sympathize with the property owners rather than the intruders. It may be only a matter of time before a dramatic case stirs passions on behalf of self-defense in the U.S. as the Legras case has in France. ■

### Host's Risks

*Let the partygiver beware*

**I**n a decision that has left partygivers in California as shaken as a pitcher of martinis, the state supreme court has ruled that private hosts could be liable for auto accidents and other damages that resulted if they negligently served booze to obviously intoxicated guests.

The case involved one James Coulter, an apprentice machine technician whose right side was paralyzed in a 1976 auto accident on the way home from a party in Foster City, Calif. Coulter, now 28, claims that the car slammed into a bridge abutment because its driver, a large woman, had consumed "extremely large quantities" of beer at the party. Although the court did not pass on the merits of Coulter's \$1 million damage suit against the host, it overturned a lower court's ruling that the state's civil liability law applied only to bars, restaurants and liquor stores, not partygivers. Said the majority: "No one can serve booze 'under conditions involving a reasonably foreseeable risk of harm to others.' California thus joins a small but growing group of states, including New York, Iowa and Oregon, where a too generous host can be held liable for his tipsy guests' excesses. ■



# Education

## "Worth Fighting For"

*A unique Chicago school that refuses to die*

On Chicago's poor West Side stands a building with no graffiti marring its walls, no windows boarded up. Inside, expensive audiovisual equipment sits in unlocked offices, while near by, students pursue a discussion of a Chekhov story and Richard Wright's *Native Son*. It is Providence-St. Mel High School, the West Side's remaining Roman Catholic secondary school and a fortress of civility—and hope—for black teen-agers.

The man who made it so is soft-spoken Paul Adams, 37, a black Protestant who took a pay cut from his job as manager at a fast-food outlet to become the school's \$15,000-a-year principal in 1972. "He's mean," says a student, using a ghetto compliment. Also tough, Adams inherited the usual urban school woes. Says he: "There were kids on dope, gangs in the hallways. I was appalled." He instituted a shape-up-or-ship-out policy that public schools cannot follow. Students are fined or assigned mandatory chores if they are tardy or cut class; vandalism, drug use and academic failure are grounds for expulsion. Students may come with low reading skills, but they must read at twelfth-grade level to graduate. Adams himself sometimes accosts students as they go home: "If you're not on the honor roll, you can't afford to walk out of school without any books."

Usually, 70 youths out of an entering class of 120 drop out. But the survivors are rewarded well. Senior Ronald Price won scholarships to seven universities; he chose Princeton. Says he: "Ninety-five percent of my public school friends are on drugs and unemployed. Some were more intelligent than I am." Fully 85% of the graduates go on to college. All stu-

dents must take college boards, apply to at least three colleges, fill out financial-aid forms and write papers on their career goals—besides learning Adams' law: "If you don't internalize discipline in high school, you're going to flunk out of college in the first two weeks."

Despite its remarkable achievements, the school is in a fight for survival, and this week's commencement could be the

### 340 KIDS ARE ABOUT TO LEARN HARD WORK ISN'T WORTH A DAMN.



Adams with students in fund-plea ad  
*Shaping up or shipping out.*

last. The Catholic Archdiocese of Chicago plans to withdraw its subsidy this month. The archdiocese kept Providence-St. Mel going during a period of wrenching change in the late '60s and early '70s, when the school went from 50% white to all black, and enrollment (now 340) fell by two-thirds. More students are applying now, but the church says it cannot continue its \$150,000 annual subsidy, which covers a third of the school's budget (the rest comes from tuition and assorted fund-raising ventures). The cost per pupil runs \$1,300 a year, compared with a \$900 average in the archdiocese (and \$1,700 in Chicago public schools). The cruel story is repeated in many urban ghettos. The church is unable or unwilling to subsidize education for non-Catholics (60% of the Providence-St. Mel enrollment), but the law does not permit tax money to help out because the schools are under religious sponsorship.

But the school refuses to die. Students are petitioning John Cardinal Cody for a reprieve; parents, who raised \$100,000 for the current budget, are trying to scrape up more funds while appearing at the archdiocese's Holy Name Cathedral with SAVE OUR SCHOOL placards. Two supermarket chains are pitching in with contributions; a public service ad in the *Wall Street Journal* last week sought corporate grants for the school.

Caught in the middle are parents like Construction Worker Bennie Powell. At public school his eldest daughter was once absent for 49 days before anyone bothered to notify him; eventually, he says, "she gave up." His other two children went to Providence-St. Mel: one will enter the University of Illinois in the fall; the other is an honor-roll sophomore. Says another parent, Factory Employee Kenneth Campbell, "This school is a barrier against juvenile delinquency. It's something worth fighting for."

## Kudos: Round 3

**Amherst College** Benjamin Hooks, LL.D., executive director, N.A.A.C.P.

**Brandeis University** Donald Woods, L.H.D., South African journalist. *In exile you live in the hearts of your oppressed countrymen.*

**Colgate University** Richard Shinn, LL.D., president, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.  
Alvin Ailey, D.F.A., choreographer.

**Dickinson School of Law** Irving Kaufman, Litt.D., chief judge of the U.S.

Court of Appeals, Second Circuit.

**Fordham University** Alan Alda, D.F.A., actor.

**Georgetown University** Walter Cronkite, L.H.D., CBS newsmen. *[He] comes daily into homes as a familiar, welcome visitor, reassuring and trusted.*

**Hamilton College** Sol Linowitz, LL.D., diplomat, lawyer.  
Barbara Tuchman, L.H.D., historian

**Lehigh University** James C. Fletcher, LL.D., former head of NASA.

**Merrimack College** Mildred Jefferson.

L.H.D., surgeon, president of the National Right to Life Committee.

**Middlebury College** Malcolm Toon, LL.D., U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union.

**New York University** Saul Steinberg, D.F.A., artist.

**University of the South** Tennessee Williams, Litt.D., playwright.

**Wesleyan University** Robert Coates, L.H.D., author, psychiatrist. *You are an angry man who at the same time is gentle and compassionate; a Jeremiah who is also a healer.*

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# People



Burton shows it is cricket to play ball on the set of *Absolution*

Off-camera he may not seem the type, but on-camera **Richard Burton** cuts a fine figure as a priest. After playing a man of the cloth on a devilish mission in *Exorcist II: The Heretic*, Burton has once again put on his cleric's collar, in *Absolution*. This time he plays Father Goddard, an opinionated Jesuit priest at a Roman Catholic boys' school in England. Trouble arises when his favorite student tells him in confession that he has committed murder. To get away from such traumas, Burton likes to relax on the set by tossing a cricket ball over a practice net. Snapping the event was **Elizabeth Taylor's** son **Christopher Wilding**, a professional photographer, whose shots of his former stepdad may, or may not, go into the family album.



Author Ford tells coed roommates how to mind their ps and qs

"Working is nothing new in my life. I just never got paid before," says **Charlotte Ford**. But two years ago, **Henry Ford II's** elder daughter set up her own Seventh Avenue business and at about the same time started doing a little writing. The result: *Charlotte Ford's Book of Modern Manners*, scheduled for publication next spring. "It's completely different from **Emily Post** and **Amy Vanderbilt**," says Ford, 37. The book gives tips for roommates of the opposite sex ("They should split the rent and put both their names on the mailbox"), and advice to a divorcee about her wedding ring ("Put it away for a year or so. It might start looking good to you again"). Ford, who has a twelve-year-old daughter from her marriage to Shipping Magnate **Stavros Ni-**

**archos**, is especially concerned about children. Sleep-over lovers, she emphasizes, must never, never be introduced to one's offspring at the breakfast table.

When **Happy Rockefeller** decided to toss a party for 400 or so close friends, she knew just the spot: Pocantico Hills, the family's 3,000-acre estate overlooking the Hudson near Tarrytown, N.Y. It was at the stone-walled residence that folks such as **Pierre Trudeau**, **Henry Kissinger**, **Arthur Burns** and **Averell Harriman**, helped **Nelson Rockefeller** celebrate his 70th birthday last week. And it is to Pocantico Hills that the Rockefellers plan to retire eventually. To that end, the former Vice President has put his 21-room retreat on Seal Harbor, Me., on the market. The down-East house, which has a cantilevered deck over the crashing surf, is up for grabs for a cool \$1 million. Sotheby Parke Bernet, the agent for the sale, has already issued the word: "If you have to ask about a mortgage, don't ask."

At long last, it was time for a housewarming at **Bunny and Paul's** new place. For the gala affair last week at the magnificent East Building of Washington's National Gallery, the



The Mellons at National Gallery gala

**Mellons** played host to over 200 guests, including **Jacqueline Onassis** and Artists **Robert Motherwell** and **Helen Frankenthaler**. Architect **I.M. Pei**, creator of it all, looked on beaming. "The best thing is to see how it looks with people in it," he said, adding, "I didn't want it to be a Lincoln Memorial." Not to worry. Before the week was out, the **President** himself had stopped by to open Pei's pride to the public. The building, said Carter, "is worthy of thousands of years of artistic creation."

## On the Record

**Robert Dole**, Senator from Kansas, predicting a crowded field in the 1980 presidential campaign: "I went into the Senate cloakroom the other day and called out 'Mr. President,' and 20 guys turned around."

**John Knowles, M.D.**, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, on staying well: "Over 99% of us are born healthy and made sick as a result of personal misbehavior and environmental conditions."

**Cheryl Chase**, actor and television personality, when asked by David Frost what he would put in a time capsule: "The King Tut exhibit. That would confuse people in the future."

# Music

## Hang Left out of Nutbush

After ten years of hard traveling, Bob Seger breaks big

**C**omin' right at'cha. No curves, and short on the fancy moves. Just bed-rock rock 'n' roll, the kind of good-natured badass music that keeps you dancing. It can get you a little teary, and get the blood jumping too, like maybe you ought to tear up a couple of seats and pass them up onstage to Bob Seger.

For a time, Seger was Detroit's best-kept secret, a rocker who commanded a fanatic home-town following but kept missing a big national break. He had a national hit single in 1969 with his hard-driving *Ramblin' Gambler*, but trouble with his band kept him from touring to promote it properly. By the time he had finished his third album, Seger, with half a dozen local hits behind him, was back to living on \$7,000 a year.

He hung in, though, barnstorming through the Midwest. In 1974 he came up with a ballad called *Beautiful Loser* that sounded bold and bitter and pretty personal: "He's always willing to be second best. A perfect lodger, a perfect guest. Beautiful loser, read it on the wall. And realize, you just don't need it all."

That song became the title cut on a well-reviewed album, which was followed by *Live Bullet*, a kinetic concert set that went platinum and paved the way for last year's *Night Moves*, a smash album that sold over 2 million copies and contained one of the most haunting of all contemporary songs, a fond, sexy memory of adolescent love:

*Out in the back seat of my '60 Chevy  
Workin' on mysteries without any clues  
Workin' on our night moves  
Trying to make some front page drive-in news  
Workin' on our night moves in the summertime  
In the sweet summertime.*

That song made Bob Seger a national star after a decade of hard traveling. Now he has a fine new record, *Stranger in Town*, out just a few weeks and already following an unerring trajectory to the headier regions of the charts. It should prove that this particular local boy is not only a national star but something of a vital national resource.

There is no slick stuff about Seger, not on the records and not in concert. His brown hair flows over the collars of modified Elizabethan shirts, stage gear long out of favor. The music has no labyrinthine lyrics or arcane chord changes. Seger still opens his show with Tina Turner's good-humored, hard-rocker *Nut-*



Seger raving up at Detroit concert

Just good old bedrock rock 'n' roll.

*bush City Limits*, and the song sets the tone for what follows: plain good times.

For all the powerhouse energy, there is an underlying melancholy in some of Seger's new music, which may be one reason he is writing more ballads these days. "Writing rock is too limiting," he says. "I have ten times as much freedom writing ballads." *Stranger in Town* contains some exemplary rockers, but it is the ballads that set off the lasting echoes. *The Fa-*



Hanging out at home, while pet dog Boris anticipates a serenade

"Just the other night, a girl tried to get into the kitchen."

*mous Final Scene* at first appears to be about the end of a romance ("Think in terms of bridges burned. Think of seasons that must end"), but could also be about the closing circle of a career or a life. The last verse of *Night Moves* takes the song out of teen-age memory and into a reflection on a larger ending:

*Ain't it funny how the night moves  
When you just don't seem to have  
as much to lose  
Strange how the night moves  
With autumn closing in.*

For all the current of sadness that runs through his music, Seger remains a modest, ebullient figure who still drives himself home from local concerts in a red BMW. A working-class kid from Ann Arbor, Seger lives with his steady girl in a modest ranch house 50 miles from Detroit. Fans have discovered the address, and "just the other night," Seger reports, "a girl tried to get into the kitchen." This month Seger is moving, for the fourth time in two years, to a remote spot north of Detroit, vowing, "This time we will be isolated."

**H**is recreations are modest enough: a lakefront cabin, a 36-ft. Chris-Craft and a Honda cycle, "a great bike, with a windshield, cigarette lighter and a cruise control." A somewhat more comfortable concert schedule—just over 100 dates, cut down from the 260 Bob and the Silver Bullet Band played in 1975—allows time for a touch of reflection. "I'd like to be more like B.B. King, become more sophisticated," Seger muses. "Maybe I'll just make records after a while, write songs or produce. After all, I don't know how much longer I'm going to look like this. Probably not when I'm 40."

Just turned 33, Bob Seger already senses autumn in the air and has started to map the terrain. Funny how the night moves.

—Jay Cock



Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

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## Economy & Business

# More Furor over Food Costs

*Shoppers sore as prices soar and beef jumps over the moon*



Butcher placing higher tab on sirloin in New York City



"Better wait a bit before you finish that food budget, dear!"

**J**ust as everyone had feared, last week's inflation figures were a stunner, and the most appalling thing about them was the high cost of eating. Not only does April's 9% rise in consumer prices mean that the economy is once again in double-digit inflation—11.4% on an annual basis—but food prices are climbing more than twice as fast, 23.8%. The rise is turning the nation's supermarket shoppers into an army of walking wounded and making grossly naive the Administration's January prediction that food prices would go up by only 4% to 6% this year. Instead of acting as a brake on inflation, as policymakers had expected, food is one of the principal fuels.

The most visible trouble is being caused by beef prices. Climbing steadily for months, they leaped during April by 6.6%, recalling the spiral that led to a housewives' boycott of meat products five years ago. Beef is rising because cattlemen are not sending their animals to slaughter. During 1975, 1976 and 1977, slumping meat prices encouraged ranchers to cut the size of their herds, lest they become stuck with steers that could only be sold at a loss come market time. By this year, the nation's cattle stock had dropped to a seven-year low of 116 million head, and the scarcity began to force prices up.

Ranchers are now expected once again to begin building up their herds. Yet by using cows for breeding instead of sending them to market, they will unavoidably cause the shortages to intensify and prices to rise still more. Agriculture Department officials estimate that the climb will not begin to slow down until autumn at best, and it will be the early

1980s before herds are back up to satisfactory size.

Short of coming up with cows that breed as fast as battery hens, there is little that the Government can do to ease the fluctuations of the ten-year beef production cycle. One stopgap measure that President Carter is now considering would be to relax import restrictions on foreign beef in order to increase supplies at meat counters. Since there is presently no world surplus of beef anyhow, lifting restrictions would probably bring in no more than 250 million lbs. of beef on top of the 1.3 billion lbs. that the nation already imports from Australia, New Zealand, Canada and ten other countries. That would trim perhaps only a nickel a pound off the price of beef by year's end. Even so, Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland is fearful that an abrupt lifting of controls could have a disastrous psychological impact on ranchers, who would see prices begin to level off and would stop expanding their herds.

**L**ast winter's foul weather is certainly part of the reason for the double-digit helping of food inflation. Heavy rains in California savaged the vegetable crop and were largely responsible for April's heady 30% rise in the price of lettuce. Fresh fruits are also expected to climb by 15% to 16% during the year. Pork production was expected to grow by 13% this year, but cold weather made the animals more susceptible to disease, and growth projections have now been scaled back to from 2% to 3%.

Another villain is the Government itself. In the past two years, aid to farmers has quadrupled to an estimated \$7.9 bil-

lion, much of it for price-propping mechanisms and subsidies. Carter's budget for next year now proposes to cut the amount to \$4.2 billion. Farmers complain that they need all the federal largesse they can get because rising costs are making it hard for them to turn a profit. In that sense, they are suffering in the same way as other Americans, who also must figure out how to make ends meet as inflation devours their purchasing power. In fact, the prices received by farmers are up 11% from last year's low levels.

Whatever the plight of the farmers, the real victims are the consumers. Complains New Yorker Henrietta Wise: "Every time I walk into a grocery store, I'm terrified. It's more than the prices, it's the whole concept of food. It's the basic substance of life." Some shoppers have become *de facto* vegetarians because of the sky-high price of meat, but vegetables are no bargain either. Marsha Avrushin of Oak Park, Mich., has taken to prowling supermarkets for off-brand items. Says she: "When I was a kid, a candy bar was a real treat. What makes my kids' mouths water now is a salad. Fruits and vegetables have become a luxury." Though shoppers everywhere are becoming much more discriminating in what they buy, many arrive at the check-out counter with glazed, catatonic expressions on their faces. Says San Francisco Housewife Vera Trinkaus: "What bothers me the most is that the prices on items jump not just a few pennies but 20¢ or more at a time. I can't figure it out. There haven't been any new labor contracts signed recently. Where is the money going?"

Price rises for a few food items should

soon begin to slow down—at least somewhat. The wholesale price of fruits and vegetables dropped 1.6% during May, and that should result in better prices for consumers by midsummer. That hardly means the problem is on the way to being solved. After revising its wishful-thinking January guesstimate, the Administration now forecasts a total 1978 food price rise of 8% to 10%, and with a bit of bad weather between now and year's end, even that figure may turn out to be too optimistic. ■

## Bitter Battle Over Sweetness

### *Socking it to the consumer*

**W**hy on earth would Congress at a time when food prices are soaring rush to raise artificially the price of a basic supermarket staple? Yet that is just what is happening to sugar. Moreover, the congressional effort is designed to bail out far fewer than one-half of 1% of the nation's farmers, specifically 11,000 sugar-beet growers and 1,800 raisers of sugar cane.

These entrepreneurs are already supported by an amendment to last year's farm bill, which was designed to raise U.S. prices of sugar to 13.5¢ per lb. But that has not been enough for the growers, who contend that they cannot make a profit at that price. So last week the House wound up subcommittee public hearings on a bill that would use import quotas and fees to set a floor price for sugar of 17¢ per lb. The same bill has been put forward in the Senate by Idaho Democrat Frank Church, and it has 34 co-sponsors.

The Administration argues that the bill is highly inflationary, will hinder U.S. relations with exporting countries, notably the Philippines and the Dominican Republic, and will fan protectionism in the U.S. The White House estimates that the measure will cost consumers an extra \$700 million a year, a figure that Church's supporters and Government sugar experts claim is exaggerated. In any case, the bill is opposed by the Consumer Federation of America as well as candy and soft-drink makers and other big users of sugar; it is supported by the farmers and most of Big Labor.

President Carter has threatened to veto the bill if it passes, but instead of fighting any price fixing, he has come forward with a halfway measure. It would pay subsidies to farmers and, in effect, boost sugar prices to 14.4¢ per lb. This proposal would cost the public an extra \$120 million in direct payments, plus possibly millions more to underwrite federal support if sugar prices fail to rise high enough to enable farmers to redeem their Government loans. The Administration proposal has so little support on Capitol Hill that no Congressman has agreed to sponsor it. Because it would

keep the price of sugar lower than the Church bill, the President's proposal does have the enthusiastic backing of big-sugar users like the Coca-Cola Co., which is headed by Jimmy Carter's old friend, J. Paul Austin.

Why all the fuss now about sugar? U.S. growers say that they cannot survive in a market that is about as quiet, orderly and predictable as a sailors' bar on Saturday night. Crop failures sent world prices soaring to 65¢ per lb. in 1974, and overproduction has made them plunge to about 8¢. Late last year the Administration signed the International Sugar Agreement, which would use buffer stocks and export restraints to keep prices between 15¢ and 19¢ per lb. But the ISA deal must

be ratified by the Senate, and Church, who represents a big beet-grower constituency, has kept the agreement bottled up in the Foreign Economic Policy Subcommittee, of which he is chairman. He plans to hold the treaty hostage until some legislation is adopted that will give sugar growers firmer price guarantees.

While the battle drags on, the only thing certain is that the consumer will pay more, and nobody in Washington is giving any thought to freeing up the market to bring down the price. ■

## Higher Interest For Big Savers

### *Banks can pay more*

**R**ising interest rates are bad news for mortgage borrowers, installment buyers, business people and just about everybody else. Last week the climb in interest rates became good news for anyone with a spare \$10,000 lying around. On June 1, commercial banks began offering six-month, Government-guaranteed \$10,000 savings certificates with interest equal to what the Government has to pay to large investors in order to sell six-month Treasury bills. Savings banks and savings and loan associations that market the certificates can pay as much as ½% above the Treasury bill rate. In the past year, inflation and the ballooning federal deficit have driven that rate from 5.192% to 7.160%.

The purpose of the new certificates—which have been authorized jointly by the Federal Reserve, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. and the Federal Home Loan Bank Board—is to induce depositors to leave their savings in the bank instead of withdrawing them and investing them in bonds and in mutual funds that specialize in high-interest-bearing securities. Such withdrawals reduce the money available for housing mortgages and place a drag on the entire economy.

The new certificates are attractive to investors because, with Treasury bills at their present rates, the deposits can yield more than 7½% a year if the interest is compounded daily, a service that many banks are providing. To get that high interest from any other bank deposit, a saver would have to tie up his funds for up to four years instead of six months. Since the buyer of certificates gets his money back a half year later, he can turn around and reinvest it in an even higher-interest certificate if Treasury bill rates continue to rise.

The main drawback with the certificates is that they are themselves inflationary. Explains M. Todd Cooke, president of the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society, the nation's largest mutual savings bank: "Money is our raw material. If we have to pay depositors more to get it from depositors, then the cost of one of our products—mortgage loans—is also going to have to go up." ■



Piles of Idaho sugar beets in Oregon

Halfway measures from the White House



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# Gulf Oil's Painful Surgery

*A giant pays dearly for past mistakes*

Rumors have been swirling for months through business circles from Wall Street to Houston: Gulf Oil Corp., the nation's eighth largest industrial concern (sales last year \$17.8 billion), is in trouble. Though there is no question about the company's survival, it is in the midst of a painful struggle to overcome years of bad luck and fumbling management.

Squeezed for cash because of overinvestment and declining earnings, Gulf's chiefs have been wielding a heavy ax to cut costs, jettison losing properties and clear a path out of past mistakes. The company's fleet of planes has been reduced from six to three, and the executive dining room has been closed. More important than these symbolic moves, this year's capital budget, originally set for \$2.5 billion, is being cut drastically. At headquarters in Pittsburgh, and in branch offices from Houston to Tokyo, cutbacks in staff are reaching into the hundreds. Public affairs has been pruned severely: its chief, Senior Vice President Jayne Baker Spain, a former vice chairman of the U.S. Civil Service Commission, is the highest Gulf officer to go so far; at least two more vice presidents also are out. The Gulf Transportation and Trading Co., which directs the firm's fleet of 76 tankers, has also been changed in a shower of pink slips. Says Gulf Chairman Jerry McAfee: "I will be surprised if we don't find more than 1,000 employees who are not essential."

To take some of the sting out of the firings, Gulf has hired a Manhattan firm, Thine, which specializes in helping axed employees find jobs. Still, morale among many of the remaining 59,000 employees is scraping bottom, and quite a few are nervously looking for other jobs.

Gulf's crunch came in 1975. Kuwait, where Gulf had poured the bulk of its foreign investment money, took over the company's share of Kuwait Oil Co., with

its wells, refineries and other facilities, cutting off Gulf's biggest and most profitable source of crude. Venezuela also took over Gulf's holdings, General Atomic, a joint Gulf-Royal Dutch Shell venture, pulled out of the production of high-temperature nuclear gas reactors after heavy losses. Meantime, Gulf had missed out on most of the big U.S. oil strikes—the Rocky Mountains, west Texas, east Texas and Alaska.

Bob R. Dorsey, McAfee's suave and articulate predecessor, responded to the end of the era of cheap oil with an ill-conceived diversification program. Gulf bought heavily into real estate, including the "new town" of Reston, Va., and a chain of recreational vehicle parks, Venture Out in America Inc. About \$100 million was invested in high-technology companies, with dreary results: none came up with anything promising. When in 1974-75 reports came out that Gulf had made huge illegal payments to U.S. and foreign politicians, Dorsey was forced to resign, and McAfee, a big, bluff, humorous technician, was brought in from the company's Canadian subsidiary.

Under McAfee, Gulf has been busy trying to sell off its real estate and other unprofitable properties, while concentrating on its basic business of oil and gas. The company spent more than \$200 million last year in stepped-up onshore exploration in the U.S. It also paid \$314 million last June to acquire twelve drilling tracts in the Gulf of Mexico. Gulf spent \$400 million to \$500 million to build its Cedar

Bayou ethylene plant near Houston; it opened last year but, say industry sources, has never operated at more than 60% of capacity, causing a substantial drain on Gulf's petrochemical earnings. Gulf also acquired for \$455 million Kewanee Industries, a specialty chemical firm. In all, the company's 1977 capital spending came to \$3 billion, much more than that of bigger companies such as Texaco and Mobil.

While all this was going on, a temporary global glut of crude kept a lid on prices, stretching Gulf's once bountiful cash reserves and cutting into earnings. Last year profits fell 7.8%, to \$752 million; in this year's first quarter, they fell another 7%. The need for a drastic reduction in outlays became urgent.

Gulf is also enmeshed in a web of lawsuits growing out of allegations that it secretly participated in a worldwide cartel to manipulate supplies and raise the price of uranium. Though the cartel's impact on U.S. prices remains uncertain, the world price of uranium has gone from \$6 a pound in 1972 to about \$44 today. At worst, Gulf, which denies the charge, could be forced to pay \$1 billion or more in damages to companies in the uranium business. McAfee predicts that, at most, the various court actions could cost Gulf no more than \$360 million. Last week the company pleaded no contest in the U.S. Government's case growing out of the cartel arrangement, and was fined \$40,000, but it still faces a wave of private suits.

Despite these troubles, McAfee is convinced that Gulf's investments in increased exploration and production will eventually pay off. McAfee is under no illusion that the company's problems can be resolved soon. Gulf's turnaround, he says, should be about complete when he is ready for retirement at 65—and that is not for another 3½ years.

Drilling ship *Glomar Grand Banks*, Gulf Oil Corp. Board Chairman and Chief Executive Officer Jerry McAfee, and aerial view of Reston, Va.



## Justice Takes Aim at CBS

*A case of crossed signals?*

**W**hen CBS began flirting with the idea of acquiring Fawcett Publications Inc. two years ago, the network's lawyers checked with the Justice Department and came away with the impression that there were no objections. Believing that the way was clear, CBS went ahead and paid \$50 million for Fawcett (1976 sales: \$135 million) and merged its magazines (*Woman's Day* and *Mechanix Illustrated*) and paperback-book operation into CBS's publishing division.

Either the CBS lawyers heard wrong or the trustbusters changed their minds. Last week the network found itself the target of a Justice Department complaint aimed at forcing CBS to divest itself of Fawcett's large paperback business and to refrain in the future from acquiring any paperback publisher.

The complaint, which was filed in Federal Court in Manhattan, focuses on the combination of CBS's Popular Library Books, which in 1976 controlled 2.6% of the nation's \$740 million paperback business, and Fawcett, which had a 9.4% share. In its brief, the Justice Department charges that the takeover violates the Clayton Antitrust Act because it tends "to create a monopoly." According to antitrust doctrine, any arrangement that lessens competition can be interpreted as creating a monopoly, even though the resulting company happens to control only a fraction of the market. Said the complaint: "The mass-market paperback-publishing business is concentrated and is experiencing a trend toward further concentration."

CBS denied that its acquisition of Fawcett gave it a dominant role in the highly competitive paperback business and vowed that it would "defend itself vigorously" against the charges. "You never can tell what Justice will do," said one CBS executive. Referring to CBS's belief that it had the trustbusters' approval in 1976, he added: "Anyway, that was the Ford Justice Department, and this is the Carter Justice Department."

**A**t first glance, the Justice Department's case seemed weak. Even with the acquisition, CBS has gained only a 12% share of the paperback market, and the network's purchase of Fawcett did not drive any major competitors from business. But as the complaint notes, several smaller firms have left the market during the past decade. And entry into the field is very difficult, if not impossible, for newcomers. In the past three years, Doubleday took over Dell, a paperback publisher; Britain's Penguin acquired Viking and its softback operation; Gulf & Western bought Pocket Books; and West Germany's Bertelsmann Publishing Group gained control of Bantam.



## Mobile Society Puts Down Roots

*Young executives—and their families—resist the nomadic life*

**A**fter eleven years as a missile engineer on the Minuteman test program at Cape Kennedy, Carl Eichhorn was ordered by his employer TRW to go to California to work on a new project. "It was go or else," he recalls. He refused.

After working his way up to a senior vice presidency at an Interpublic advertising branch in Atlanta, Charles Sherry was told that the office was being closed down. But he was not to worry; a job was waiting for him in Manhattan. No thanks, said Sherry.

The cases are by no means atypical. More and more executives and their families are refusing to be uprooted, even if the transfer means higher rank and salary. Merrill Lynch Relocation Management, Inc., which specializes in moving executives, estimates that 200,000 to 300,000 of them will be asked by their employers this year to move to new locations and one-third to one-half will object; only a decade ago, the refusal rate was no more than 10%. Says James E. Wall, vice president of Celanese Corp.: "The balance has definitely shifted away from saluting the company and marching off to Timbuctu toward a greater emphasis on family and life-style."

The change represents a fundamental shift in American values. Many executives, especially those in their 40s and 50s, still march to the company drum and accept transfers as a means of rising. But younger executives—and their spouses—are revolting against the stress and insecurity of the mobile society. Their rejection of the onward and upward American work ethic echoes Pop Star Bil-

ly Joel's hit: "If that's movin' up Then I'm movin' out." Or, as TRW Vice President James Dunlap says, "There's a feeling that work isn't everything these days. You've got to stop and smell the flowers along the way."

American executives are becoming increasingly interested in things money cannot buy, notably a stable home life, a safe environment, a wholesome community, sun, fun and culture. For example, Mark Burns, 42, a fast-rising IBM executive in Chicago, turned down three transfers in order to raise his three children in one place. But Burns is aware that his refusals limited his possibilities at IBM, whose initials, many employees joke, stand for I've Been Moved. Hence, Burns came to the conclusion he must switch careers and now is president of a small bank on Chicago's South Side.

Roughly 40% of all American women now hold jobs, a substantial change in the past two decades. Naturally, a two-paycheck family faces more complications in moving, especially if one spouse's raise might be offset by the other taking a cut. When an electronics executive was asked to shift from Boston to Maine, his wife, a nurse, could find nothing to match her present job. Their decision, to remain in Boston. Having diligently worked up to assistant vice president at Bank of America's home office in San Francisco, Richard Easley, 33, was offered a reward: The No. 2 spot in a big Bank of America branch in San Mateo, only 20 miles away. Dreading commuting and unwilling to relocate his family, Easley simply decided that he did not, under

### Executive View/Marshall Loeb

## Telling Jimmy About Jobs

those conditions, desire the promotion.

The soaring price of homes is also inhibiting many moves. A New Jersey engineer, asked to relocate to California, learned that while his present home would fetch only \$80,000, a comparable house within reasonable commuting distance of Los Angeles would cost at least \$150,000. Rather than go into debt for a new home, the engineer quit.

Some companies still consider a refusal to transfer to be an act of disloyalty that can ruin a promising career. But most firms are becoming more understanding, and some are willing to make special arrangements. After Jo Anne Kaiser, 28, a former Bonwit Teller buyer, refused to leave her new home in Orlando, Fla., for a headquarters job in Miami, Burdine's, a big department-store chain, agreed to a setup by which she spends only two days a week in Miami and goes to New York on buying trips every six weeks. Says Celanese's Wall: "A lot of guys refuse one move, but if you refuse two in a row, that's bad. And if you refuse three in a row, you may really be sticking yourself in the job you're in." Adds Ross Anderson, chairman of I. Magnin department stores: "We would never fire someone for turning down a move, but we don't make another offer unless he tells us that he has changed his mind." In response to the move resisters, Bank of America is concentrating on promoting people in their present locations rather than switching executives around so much. BOA's Easley, for example, was promoted May 1, with higher rank and salary in the home office even though he refused the transfer to the San Mateo branch.

Since some transfers are inevitable, companies are trying to make the moves as painless as possible. Many companies use elaborate relocation services that take care of all arrangements, including the sale of the old house and the purchase of the new one—at no loss to the transferred executive. Raises are generally fattened, particularly if the move is to an unattractive or expensive area such as New York City or Cleveland. State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Co. automatically raises the base pay of managers sent to areas where living costs are higher than the national averages. The cost of living allowances: Anchorage 37%, Honolulu 27%, New York City 26%, Boston 24%, San Francisco 9%, and Los Angeles 3%. Chicago, Cleveland and Hartford are zero.

In the long term, the trend away from corporate nomadism may benefit the companies as much as executives and their families. For one thing, the cost of moving is huge: the average bill for a transfer is \$16,000—and rising. More important, an executive who wants to stay put will probably work harder just to qualify for promotion on the spot—rather than having to move elsewhere for advancement. ■

It has taken a long time, but at last Jimmy Carter is doing a lot of talking with businessmen. Though he created a million-dollar agribusiness, he is a rural populist, and so he has been suspicious of big interests, including corporations. In just the past several months, however, the President has come to believe that many business chiefs are much like himself—up from the bottom, and not without compassion—and that they may have some provocative ideas about his No. 1 domestic problem: the economy.

So the President holds many unpublished conversations with such fellows as Du Pont's Irving Shapiro, General Motors' Thomas Murphy and A T & T's John deButts. Very often, he seeks the advice of a tall, spare British immigrant who is emerging as one of the three or four most influential spokesmen of American business, General Electric Chairman Reginald Jones.

Everybody, including the President, calls him Reg. (At General Electric they say the name is pronounced with a hard g, as in God, not a soft g, as in Jesus.) In those private phone calls and White House meetings with Jimmy Carter, Reg Jones unfurls his ideas about taxation, inflation and creating jobs in America.

The U.S. certainly has an unemployment problem, says Jones, but it is very narrow, specific and limited. Although companies cannot find the skilled workers they need, there are not nearly enough jobs for the untrained people, particularly young blacks and Hispanics. The problem is only transitory, though, says Jones. Because of the baby boom two decades ago, the 16-to-19 age group now makes up 10% of the U.S. population. By the mid-1980s, this job-seeking cohort will be down to 7.5%, and unemployment will be much less severe. Therefore, Jones argues, "we shouldn't put in place a number of permanent job-creating programs."

What we should do, he says, is enact ambitious but limited ones. Jones asks fellow businessmen to support the CETA (for Comprehensive Employment and Training Act) programs, which subsidize companies to hire and train the unskilled young. He applauds Carter's call for \$400 million in the '79 budget to expand that work.

During World War II, the Government spurred construction of defense plants by offering "certificates of necessity," which allowed companies to deduct the costs from their taxes in only five years. Now, says Jones, the Government should permit fast write-offs for the plants that companies build in pockets of youth and minority unemployment.

Jones says that one of his favorite salesmen is AFL-CIO President George Meany, and the old plumber has allied with the GE boss on many issues. Once when Jones congratulated Meany for selling an increase in the investment tax credit on Capitol Hill, Meany said: "Hell, the trouble with you business guys is that you talk about 'capital formation.' What you should be talking about is 'job formation' because those are buzz words to Congressmen."

In his talks with Carter, Jones uses the right buzz words. If businessmen are going to risk money to create jobs, he says, they have to earn better than the current 4% real return on investment, which is way down from the almost 10% of the mid-1960s.

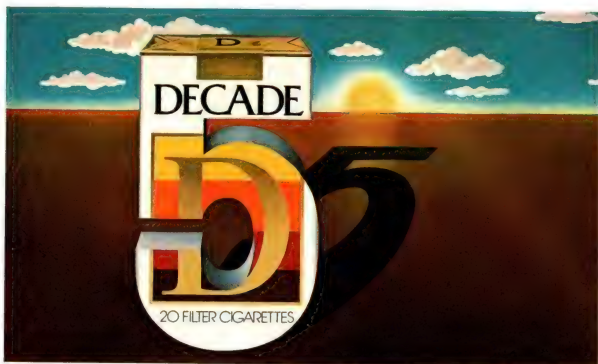
Business could also expand employment, Jones believes, if the U.S. were not the most litigious society in history, if small groups of interveners could not so easily block plant construction and expansion. "There is something to the old tale that when there is one lawyer in town, he starves, but when there are two, they both drive Cadillacs."

Reg Jones recalls the story that a century ago when GE Founder Thomas Edison was trying to introduce electricity in New York City, a band of protesters gathered in Central Park and every day they electrocuted a dog. They were trying to show that electricity is dangerous. What if, Jones muses, that special interest group had slowed the growth of electricity? We wouldn't be burning candles today, but we certainly would not be as advanced as we are—and we would have a lot fewer jobs.



GE's Reg Jones

The problem is transitory.



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## Time Essay

# The Case for a Global Marshall Plan

**M**ore than a third of the people in the world suffer from serious malnutrition. In 36 countries, income averages less than \$265 per person per year; in another 34, less than \$520. These figures from the World Bank point up the desperate poverty in many of the 100 nations that are euphemistically classified as less developed countries (LDCs). People in the industrialized countries with pressing economic problems of their own might well say, "So what?" Poverty has long been a fact of life, and Americans especially feel that they have done more than their share in giving foreign aid since World War II. It is not, however, a question of altruism. The advanced countries have an urgent self-interest in improving a situation that in a few years may well overshadow any other international issue.

The self-interest is partly political: poverty in the LDCs provides fertile soil for demagogues. So far this spring, there have been three political outbreaks: a Marxist coup in Afghanistan, bloody riots in Peru, a guerrilla invasion of Zaïre. Each has had special causes, but the potential will exist for many more such ex-

fuel and food. Yet despite a startling rise in food imports, from 20 billion tons in 1970 to 45 billion tons in 1975, the average African, for example, had less to eat last year than he did in 1970.

These strains have bred North-South tensions that easily match in bitterness the East-West ideological clashes. At conference after conference, LDCs have demanded a "new international economic order" involving vaguely defined transfers of wealth from North to South. Sometimes these demands have focused on acceptance of cartels that would jack up the prices of raw materials, sometimes on insistence that rich countries give preferential tariff treatment to products from LDCs. Poor-country spokesmen have accused multinational companies of ripping off their resources and proclaimed a right to nationalize them, while contending that multinationals have some kind of obligation to step up investment in the LDCs. Through all these assertions has run a consistent theme: the rich countries are engaging in an economic version of imperialism, and have, in consequence, a debt to pay to the South.



Grinding poverty: farmer prepares earth for planting in the Punjab

plosions until the 3 billion or so citizens of LDCs can see some prospect for improvement in their lives. A few years ago, a French author wrote a futuristic novel in which the world's hungry banded together in a kind of vengeful crusade and descended on the industrialized world. One need not take that vision literally to recognize the seriousness of the threat.

Economic self-interest also should prompt the advanced nations to alleviate Third World poverty. It is simply not reasonable to think that the industrialized world can maintain, let alone expand, its economies in a kind of closed circle. It must bring in more and more of the rest of the globe, not only as suppliers of raw materials, but also as trading partners.

The economic conditions of the Third World, of course, are not uniform. The OPEC nations have become world financial powers, and a handful of once depressed countries, such as South Korea and Taiwan, are developing flourishing new industries. But the majority of LDCs have been knocked backward in the 1970s by a devastating one-two punch: oil price boosts that have raised the cost of running the most primitive factories and farm machines, and recession in the industrial world that has restricted markets for cotton, copper, cocoa, tin and other raw materials sold by less developed lands. In many countries of Asia and Africa, economic growth rates have dropped to around 2% a year—not enough to keep up with population expansion, which averages 2.6% for the LDCs. The poor countries have borrowed a staggering \$200 billion, half of it since 1973, to pay for imports of



Flowing abundance: grower loads wheat onto truck in Nebraska

Northern statesmen, with much justice, have regarded this rhetoric as a kind of impractical Robin Hoodism. But with no discernible justice, the industrial countries have kept a tight lid on their assistance to LDCs. Japan spends only 0.21% of its burgeoning G.N.P. on foreign aid, vs. a U.N. target of 0.7% for industrial nations; the U.S. figure is 0.27%. True, the U.S. carries the heaviest defense burden in the non-Communist world. But Congress has foolishly sought to forbid aid to countries producing goods that compete or even might compete with American products.

**T**he Northern attitude is myopically stingy. Almost every industrial nation is caught in an economic bind. Unemployment is unacceptably high, yet efforts to bring it down by stimulating the domestic economy through tax cuts and heavier government spending might pump up already high inflation. Selling more goods to other industrial nations is no answer, either. It leads to furious charges that the exporting country is destroying jobs in the importing nation; witness the anger in the U.S. and Europe against Japan's export prowess.

Government leaders and a few private businessmen in the industrial lands are beginning to recognize that growth in the LDCs offers a way out of this box. Economic advance in the poor countries, so goes the argument, would open markets for steel, chemicals and other products now glutting the North, increase production and employment in the U.S. Europe

## Essay

and Japan—and do all that at little inflationary price.

Peter G. Peterson, chairman of the investment banking firm of Lehman Bros. Kuhn Loeb, points out that LDCs already receive more than one-third of U.S. exports, including more than 40% of foreign sales of commercial aircraft and electrical machinery. Even the industrializing LDCs that are competing effectively with Northern factories in such products as clothing and shoes, he asserts, buy more from the rich nations than they sell to them. He endorses much more aid to LDCs because he considers them to be potentially "important engines of less inflationary growth for the developed countries."

There are a few signs that the rich nations are becoming more interested in aiding LDCs. The West German government is preparing some actions to announce at next month's economic summit meeting, in Bonn, of the seven biggest industrial powers. Included: cancellation of debts owed to West Germany by some of the poorest countries. Japan promises to increase its foreign aid to \$2.2 billion by next year, double the 1976 figure, though still a pittance in comparison with the nation's \$29.6 billion in monetary reserves.

Unfortunately, there seems to be little chance that these small steps will lead to any sustained effort by the rich nations to help the poor. Says U.S. Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal: "In view of our domestic problems, no substantial increase in assistance seems feasible at present." Many Western statesmen contend that the LDCs lack the infrastructure (roads, ports, dams, railways), political organization and expertise to use much more aid than they are now getting. Says West German Economics Minister Count Otto von Lamsdorff: "I do not believe that a kind of Marshall Plan for the Third World—which today would have to be handled jointly by the U.S., Europe and Japan—is a feasible solution."

Yet a new version of the Marshall Plan that rebuild Europe after World War II may well be the most workable solution. Only such a plan could overcome the widespread feeling among voters that much aid to LDCs is wasted because it consists of piecemeal efforts by the givers to finance uncoordinated projects. It is often forgotten that the Marshall Plan involved far more than the mere lading out of money: it committed the U.S. to aid countries that drew up detailed and effective plans to use the cash and goods for rebuilding. This coordinated planning is vital—especially since the task of promoting growth in the poor countries will be much harder than the reconstruction of Europe was; post-war Europe had the skilled work force and industrial base that LDCs lack. A new Marshall Plan ought to commit the U.S., Europe and Japan not only to give more, but to give more according to a comprehensive and effective plan.

Formal aid would not be the only component of such a plan. One other step that the rich countries should take together is to lower the tariffs and scrap the quotas that keep many products of the LDCs—beef, sugar, cotton textiles, shoes—out of Northern markets. These rising barriers hurt precisely those LDCs such as Argentina, Brazil, India and Mexico, that have the best chance of building sound economies based on a mix of industry and agriculture. The World Bank estimates that trade barriers cost LDCs \$24 billion a year in lost exports of manufactured goods alone.

The industrial countries should also join with the poor lands in agreements to stabilize the prices of raw materials such as copper, coffee, tin, bauxite and manganese. Partners in these agreements would set up common funds to buy and stockpile commodities when prices plunge, sell off the stocks when shortages send prices soaring.

There are dangers in such agreements. They could become inflationary if they set price floors but not ceilings, as some LDCs would like. Many Western governments also fear that commodity agreements would tempt some poor countries to lock themselves into one-commodity economies rather than pursue diversification. Yet for the foreseeable future, Ghana will be dependent on cocoa and Zambia on copper—and wild price swings make it impossible for them, or similar one-commodity countries, to do any rational economic planning. Moreover, industrial nations always seem to lose more on the inflationary run-ups in raw-materials prices than they gain on the subsequent drops. Peterson, usually an ardent advocate of free markets, is willing to explore the idea that the industrial nations should join stabilization agreements "on a few selected and sensible commodities where specific rules and clear implementation mechanisms not only might be negotiated but might work."

Industrial countries could also adopt the plans of West Germany, Sweden and Denmark to forgive some of the debts owed to them by the poorest of the poor—not Brazil or Mexico, certainly, but nations like Togo and Bangladesh. Insisting on collection only makes further aid meaningless: it goes largely to pay interest and principal on the debts, and is thus in effect given by the rich countries to themselves.

These vital steps would not remove the need for more outright aid in the form of large grants rather than loans. The amounts should be coordinated among the givers, for example, West Germany and Japan, with their bulging reserves, could give far more than others. A summit of wealthier nations could set goals for giving, and the World Bank could coordinate the projects.

The givers should agree to stop bankrolling showcase projects like the steel mill that every nation seems to consider a symbol of pride. Instead, they should insist on a large expansion of help to agriculture: rural cooperatives, extension services, development of simple technologies.

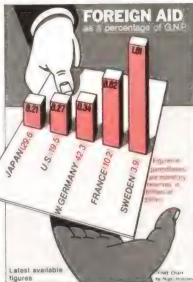
Industrial aid should be directed toward making use of the recipient's special resources. Desert countries are ideal for solar-power projects; the technology developed there would help the industrial countries too. Jungle-covered nations have the rainfall to generate cheap hydroelectricity, which could be used to power aluminum smelters and cement manufacture. It might make more sense for the rich but energy-short nations to finance such factories in the LDCs—and contract to buy large shares of their output at stable prices—than to build those energy-gulping plants on their own territory.

How much would all that cost? The World Bank reckons that much progress would be made if the 17 leading industrial nations, which now give \$13 billion a year in official development aid, would add \$15 billion more. That is a huge sum—the U.S. spent only \$12 billion in four years under the Marshall Plan—but hardly beyond the ability of industrial nations.

The aid givers would have to insist on tough conditions: not only effective economic-development plans, but also population-control programs and the reform of universities that produce too many lawyers and literary scholars, too few agronomists and engineers. If some LDCs equate these conditions with colonialism, they can refuse the aid. The givers must be prepared to aid some peoples ruled by one-party dictatorships—there are almost no impoverished democracies—while spurning the Idi Amins who blatantly trample human rights.

Any Marshall Plan for the developing nations would admittedly be imperfect. But consider the alternatives: for the LDCs, continued poverty; for the industrial nations, endless political threats and damage to their own economies. Rich and poor countries do not have to like each other to realize they have a common interest they cannot escape.

—George J. Church





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Charlie Chaplin levitates over Manhattan's Central Park; a California dragonfly swoops; and (below) an octopus scarifies the groundlings

## Living

### Kites Are Flying Sky High

*An ardent, age-old love affair with strings attached*

*My kite rises to celestial regions.  
My soul enters the abode of bliss.*  
— Buddhist monk, 9th century A.D.

**K**ites have dared the heavens for thousands of years, pacifying the gods, protecting souls, relaying lovers' messages, celebrating the seasons. From the Chinese Han dynasty through the space age,

kites made of leaves, paper, silk and now plastic have also been used to catch fish, spy on enemies, send signals, divine the weather, explore the atmosphere, photograph the earth, tow boats, advertise corsets, drop bombs and loft men and women into the wind. In the past decade the kite, the honorable ancestor of all aircraft, has colored American skies in vast numbers, dazzling hues, and sufficient shapes, sizes and forms to fill catalogs of bliss.

Sales of kites soar higher every year, seemingly resistant to economic downturns. Manhattan's Go Fly A Kite, the first kite store to open in the U.S. in 1965, grossed over \$1 million last year; today there are more than 90 such stores nationwide. Valerie Govig, 43, editor of *Kite Lines*, the only U.S. magazine devoted to the pastime, sees "an increased sophistication and appreciation of kites as an art, a science and an adult sport." An estimated 150 million kites will be sold this year. People turn out in ever greater profusion for such events as the Great Boston Kite Festival in mid-May and the Smithsonian Institution's March Kite Carnival in Washington, D.C. Across the U.S., kite-ins are sponsored by towns, school systems, civic groups, museums and radio stations (notably, and naturally, Chicago's WIND).

Kite flying is no childish pastime. It demands skill, ingenuity and an attention span rarely possessed by the young. Some of the great kite innovators, after all, have included such mature fellows as Leonardo



Sailing ship takes off in California

*With skill and more ahts than urgh's.*





Clockwise, top left: Icarus dives, Sopwiths attack Fokkers, an abstract writhes, an eagle elevates, a ship soars and kites climb a string





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This country has an area of more than 8,512 million square kilometers (3,287 million square miles) and a potential market of 116 million inhabitants. In the last few years the growth rate of its GNP has been among the highest in the world. Per capita income reached 1,460 dollars by the end of 1977.

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It is a country notable for the vigor of its private sector, whose development is assisted by large government supervised infrastructural projects.

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Steel production has already reached 11 million tons.

The automobile industry has a production capacity of over a

million vehicles per year.

The fast-growing petrochemical industry is ready to supply the entire domestic market from now on.

The shipbuilding industry produced a total of 854,000 DWT in 1976.

And the present production of the aircraft industry, which began in 1969, already positions it as n° 6 in size among those located in countries of the western world.

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OVER 1000 BRANCH OFFICES IN BRAZIL. \*OFFICES TO BE OPENED IN 1978.

## Living

da Vinci, Ben Franklin, the Wright brothers and Alexander Graham Bell, whose tetrahedral model once lifted a man 168 ft. According to Wyatt Brummitt, author of a 1971 book called—what else?—*Kites*, it helps a kiter to be “slightly nutty.” Brummitt, 81, adds that enthusiasts must also have “a little imagination and a little sense of serenity to enjoy the sense of extension.” A major attraction of kiting is that it is a peaceful pastime in which competition evokes more ahs than urrghs. It can also be one of the least expensive of sports. The traditional two-stick diamond costs only about \$6; its major maker, the 56-year-old Hi-Flier Manufacturing Co. in Decatur, Ill., sells millions of them yearly. An exotic 45-ft. dragon made of Mylar costs only about \$8, while a large tetrahedral model sells for \$20. (On the other hand, fancier, higher-flying kites can cost up to \$2,000.) A 500-ft.-long, 30-lb.-test string costs about \$1.25.

Unlike almost any other sport, kite

flying involves no standardized equipment or rules; it appeals equally to the mystic and the scientist, the fresh-air buff and the do-it-yourselfer who devises and builds his own bird of balsam and plastic. The variety of kites aloft can make a city sky look like a sociocultural anthology of man's immemorial urge to fly.

There are ornate Oriental models fashioned to resemble peacocks, eagles, swallows, phoenixes, butterflies, bumblebees, grasshoppers, cobras, octopi, dinosaurs and dragons. There are Anglo-American kites, like reproductions of clipper ships and World War I Sopwiths and Fokkers, and the two-string Peter Powell, that can loop the loop, hedgehog, do dipsy doodles, roller coasters and figure eights. A skilled practitioner like Will Yolen, 70, author of *The Complete Book of Kites and Kite Flying*, can handle 30 kites on a single string.

Some of the most spectacular kites in action are the parafoil models designed

by Florida's Domina Jalbert, 73; they can ascend at least three miles. The ancient Eastern sport of kite fighting is also finding popularity in the U.S. This gentle combat, in which the string is coated with powdered glass so that it can saw an opponent's line, has enjoyed an official season in Thailand since the days of King Mongkut, of *The King and I* fame. Kite combat has had a powerful promoter in San Francisco-based Dinesh Bahadur, 32, who before opening a string of kite stores in the U.S. was national kite-fighting champion of India and holds seven world records (including lofting the smallest model ever, a postage-stamp-size dragonfly that rose 200 ft.). Bahadur, who holds degrees in political science, history and English literature, reverts to Indian mysticism when it comes to explaining the kite cult. Says he: “It's close to being in love. When you're in love, you can't explain it, but the two lovers know what's going on. The kite touches your heart and soul through your hand.” ■

## Science

### Good Mosquito

Pitting bug against bug

When nine inches of rain pounded New Orleans in one day early last month, the downpour left behind containers and pools of stagnating water that were perfect breeding grounds for mosquitoes. That was a bonus for the U.S. Department of Agriculture, which had already picked New Orleans as the site for the first extensive test of mosquito control not by chemical or hormonal means but by another kind of mosquito.

The predator mosquito that has raised the hopes of USDA scientists is a creature with the formidable name of *Toxorhynchites rutilus rutilus*. During its larval stage in stagnant water, the mosquito feeds on the larvae of more common, biting and disease-carrying cousins, like the *Aedes aegypti*, which also breeds in pools and water-filled containers. Although the *Tx. rutilus* is found from Florida to Canada and as far west as Texas, it is not very prolific by insect standards and does not exist naturally in numbers large enough to control the population of other mosquitoes. That deficiency presents no problem to USDA Entomologist Dana Focks, who has learned to mass-produce the creature in his Gainesville, Fla., laboratory. Says Focks: “*Toxorhynchites* are found everywhere and are feasible to use in mosquito control everywhere. But we need to know how many are required and how much it will cost.”

To find the answers, Focks will set up in New Orleans two 400-hectare (100-acre) sites, one as a control and one for ex-



*Tx. rutilus* swallowing another larva

A “neat package” for mosquito control.

perimentation. During this summer, he will release in the test area about 1,000 female *Toxorhynchites*, which will lay eggs that hatch into predatory larvae. Because the New Orleans mosquito control board has kept records on the *Aedes aegypti* for four years, any significant decrease in its numbers will be apparent. “We know the *Toxorhynchites* will be effective,” declares Focks, “and the cost could be only pennies per acre.”

But what happens after *Tx. rutilus* does in large numbers of the prey mosquitoes? Does it turn, in its adult stage, to bigger meals—like man? Fortunately, the bug's proboscis cannot penetrate the skin of animal or human, and the adult depends for food only on flower nectar and plant detritus. Thus for mosquito control, as Focks puts it, “the *Toxorhynchites* is a neat package.” ■

### A False Image

Clones do not make the man

Though a New York Times review called it “stupefyingly dull” and its narrator “dim-witted,” scientists have other than literary objections to *In His Image* (Lippincott, \$8.95). In the book, published as nonfiction, Author David Rorvik holds that a baby boy cloned from an eccentric aging millionaire (and thus his genetic duplicate) is alive and well. In Washington last week, before the House Subcommittee on Health and the Environment, top cloning experimenters talked candidly about the book. That was more than Rorvik did. Invited twice to testify, he failed to show up.

Lucky for Rorvik. Cancer Researcher Beatrice Mintz called *Image* “unquestionably a work of fiction.” She characterized the book as “mildly amusing, though not in ways intended by the author,” and said that it was full of “scientific boners.” Charged Geneticist Clement Markert: “Rorvik is guilty of false and misleading advertising.” Others noted that no mammals, let alone humans, had yet been cloned. They voiced concern that tracts like *Image*, passed off as present fact, might cause public reaction against cloning techniques used in cancer, aging and other important medical research.

Rorvik, whose credentials include wide-eyed articles on psychic and faith healers and a passionate advocacy of the discredited cancer drug Laetrile, has informed the House subcommittee that he will be available for testimony in the fall. So far, he has no takers. ■

# Theater



Williams with Miner and Knight

## Women Alone

CREVE COEUR  
by Tennessee Williams

Tennessee Williams was lionized this past week at the second annual Spoleto Festival U.S.A. in Charleston, S.C., but there was more to it than celebrity worship. Williams was on the receiving end of a wave length of personal affection that surely extends far beyond Charleston. It is not difficult to guess why. Over many years, and in all of his plays, Williams has brought to his characters, who are wounded in heart and bruised in spirit, the healing hands of a dramatic poet of great compassion.

That compassion is evident once again in his newest work, *Creve Coeur*. Unfortunately, some of the gifts that have made Williams such a formidable dramatist are sadly in abeyance. The pulse of conflict beats feebly. The surge of musical eloquence, which was once like a river cresting in flood, is in *Creve Coeur* little more than a ripple on a placid pond.

While the play might qualify as tragic-comedy, it is more closely related to "life's little ironies." The locale is St. Louis in the mid-'30s, though that means more in attitude than in geography. The plot is bare-bones simple: Dorothea (Shirley Knight) is a blonde schoolteacher who has read the handwriting on the blackboard. She is spooked by incipient spinsterhood. A recent brief liaison with the school principal, a flighty socialite named Ralph T. Ellis, has lodged the romantic hope in her mind that she is his intended. Bodey (Jan

Miner), her best friend and a kind of Falstaffian better realist, knows better, partly because she has read the morning society news announcing Ellis' fiancée. It is not Dorothea.

Bodey hides the paper to spare Dorothea, but she cannot, of course, hide it from the audience—thereby spiking any hope of dramatic surprise. The second act brings in the bad-news girl, Dorothea's fellow teacher Helena, Helena (Charlotte Moore) is an antiseptic snob with faintly lesbian leanings who wants Dorothea to abandon her tacky flat and move in with her. Formerly tempted, Dorothea now refuses. The poignance of the situation is that these are women alone, who at best are merely pooling their losses.

Yet humor salvages their plight. Some of it is sheer vaudevillian antics—Dorothea doing body-wrenching calisthenics in her negligee, the half-deaf Bodey fiddling with her hearing aid and trying to camouflage it with an outlandish flower, or Miss Gluck (Barbara Tarbuck), on whom coffee acts as an emetic, rushing to the bathroom to throw up. But more of the comedy springs from Williams' absurdist juxtapositions and mocking putdowns.

With the actresses he has at his disposal, Williams does not have to send in the Marines. Like a magnifying glass, Knight can turn a role into a pinpoint of fire. With glares, hand signals and gusto, Miner kneads her part like the earthy dough of life, and if there is such a thing as cancer of the temperament, Moore displays a terminal case.

The theme of *Creve Coeur*, finally, is valor. Toward the end of the play, Dorothea says, "We must pull ourselves together and go on, go on—that's all life seems to offer or demand." That has always been Tennessee Williams' credo, and he is scarcely likely to abandon it now.

—T.E. Kalem

## Death of a Flack

TRIBUTE  
by Bernard Slade

Considering the alternative, dying has a lot to recommend it. In recent years screenwriters and playwrights have even found it an unexpected source of dark and cathartic humor. Bernard Slade, the author of the long-running comedy *Same Time, Next Year*, is the first, however, to write about it as if he were composing humorous jingles for Hallmark cards. "Out but not down."

His hero, Scottie Templeton (Jack Lemmon), is a charming, but irresponsible public relations man with a bad case of leukemia. Scottie's one gift has been his ability to make people happy, and in his last days he tries to reconcile with the

one person he has made miserable, his son, Jud (Robert Picardo), whom he abandoned in the divorce settlement. He amuses Jud with jokes and funny costumes, finds him a girl (Catherine Hicks), and smothers him with affection. But Jud, a 20-year-old fogey, refuses to shake the glad hand. "Mom said you once told Sonja Henie she was a great actress," he remarks in one of the play's best lines.

So it goes, and eventually both Scottie and the audience wonder why he keeps trying so hard to gain back this obnoxious kid's affection. But win he does, and midway through the second act Jud is organizing a tribute to the old man in a Broadway theater. Unfortunately, the play falls apart about the same time, and when Scottie's turn comes to take the stage, he can only say: "You see before you a man who has absolutely no finish. I'm not kidding. I don't know how to get off." Playwright Slade might better have spoken the lines himself. His play does not end, but slides to a bathetic conclusion in unsightly puddles of tears and sweat.

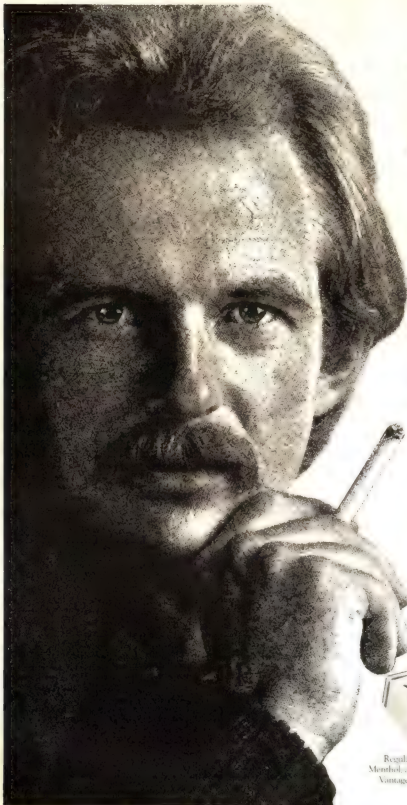
The other actors supply the tears, but most of the sweat comes from Lemmon, who gives his best performance in years. It is comparatively simple to make a character mean or nasty, lovable or funny. Capturing charm, that most elusive of all qualities, is much harder. Dropping all the irritating mannerisms that have marred his recent movies, Lemmon makes the task seem like ease itself. He is a better actor than he usually allows himself to be, and if it does nothing else, *Tribute* has restored him to the profession.

—Gerald Clarke



Lemmon and Hicks in *Tribute*

Sliding home in puddles of tears and sweat.



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*Michael D. Egan*

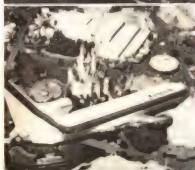
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# EASTERN

## Milestones

**MARRIED.** Jennifer O'Neill, 30, darkly beautiful heroine of Hollywood's *Summer of '42*, who recently completed filming James Michener's *Caravans* in Iran; and Jeff Barry, 39, sizzling hot songwriter (*I Honestly Love You*) and former record producer (Neil Diamond); both for the fourth time: in Las Vegas.

**MED. James Browning Allen**, 65, Alabama's junior Senator and a wily parliamentarian who recently helped lead Senate opposition to the Panama Canal treaties, of a heart attack; in Foley, Ala. After rising in state politics to become George Wallace's hand-picked Lieutenant Governor, Allen fought his way past other conservative Alabama Democrats to win a Senate seat in 1968. Proving himself a wizard of the Senate rule book, he proceeded to confound his Northern colleagues by calling for a jumble of motions, resolutions and postponements on key issues that usually won concessions for his vocal Southern bloc. The filibuster was his most powerful tool until 1975, when, over his elaborate objections, the Senate modified Rule 22 to allow the votes of only three-fifths of the full Senate to limit debate on most matters. In the canal fight, Allen urged and won an amendment permitting the maintenance of U.S. troops in Panama, if the President finds it necessary, after the canal changes hands in the year 2000.

**MED.** **Tetsu Katayama**, 90, the only Japanese Socialist leader ever to become Prime Minister; in Fujisawa City, Japan. Katayama helped form Japan's Socialist Party in 1945, and was voted into office as Prime Minister two years later in the country's first postwar elections. A fair-minded idealist who championed laborers and tenant farmers, he proved an ineffectual leader when his campaign compromises with political factions of the coalition government sapped his authority. Nine months into his term, with his economic policies failing badly, he resigned, crying, "All I want is sleep, sleep," and retired to a back-burner role as party chairman.

**DIED.** Tamara Karsavina, 93, regal Russian ballerina who danced with the legendary Vaslav Nijinsky, in London. Karsavina first danced with the Maryinsky (now the Kirov) Ballet, then joined Serge Diaghilev's Ballets Russes for their first Paris season in 1909. A dancer of great beauty who made her every gesture expressive, she was often contrasted with her more classical colleague, Anna Pavlova. After the Russian Revolution she fled to England, where she became the country's best-loved dancer, appearing as a guest artist through the 1920s. She later worked with English Choreographer Frederick Ashton, advised Prima Ballerina Margot Fonteyn, and wrote an eloquent autobiography (*Theatre Street*) that stands as a classic of dance literature.



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# Sport

## Red Sox Rattlesnake

*When Jim Rice uncoils, it's downtown time in Boston this spring*

**F**irst the good news for American League pitchers: Jim Rice does not try to hit home runs. Now for the bad news: he hits home runs anyway, often enough so far to titillate the statistics keepers. The Boston Red Sox's splendid young designated hitter and leftfielder has hit 18 home runs through the end of May and is ahead of both Babe Ruth's and Roger Maris' early-season pace. It was enough to earn him the American League's Player of the Month award. To add consistency to insult, Rice's .343 batting average would satisfy Pete Rose.

But it is power, lean-muscled, quick-wristed power, that stirs excitement when Jim Rice comes to the plate. In Fenway Park, where the fans have a connoisseur's appreciation of the slugger's art, the cheers begin when he strides to the on-deck circle. Rice has sparked Boston to its best start since 1946, when Ted Williams and Dom DiMaggio returned from World War II to win the first Red Sox pennant in almost three decades. Says one Sox fan: "They can be down six runs in the ninth inning, but if Rice still has a chance to bat, nobody leaves."

What crowds want to see is one of the smoothest right-handed swings in recent baseball memory. With his bat held letter high and his head arched over a cocked shoulder, Rice explodes with a compact

**The formidable follow-through**



swing. Says he: "My strength comes from my wrists and legs. But then I bring my left shoulder back so that all my momentum jumps out to the ball. It's like a rattlesnake —he coils and then he springs out." Rice springs eternal: his force is lethal to pitchers, who admit that the rattlesnake swing is the most formidable in the big leagues.

The gifts were apparent from the beginning. After starring in four sports for Anderson, S.C.'s Westside and Hanna high schools, Rice signed with the Sox and spent four years in the minors. In his last year at Triple A in Pawtucket, R.I., he led the International League in batting average, home runs and RBIs, a performance that made him minor league Player of the Year. When he joined the Red Sox full time in 1975, he was 22 and a born star. From the third week of the season until he broke his finger at season's end, Rice was Boston's starting leftfielder. He batted .309 with 22 home runs and 102 RBIs and fielded without an error in 144 games protecting Fenway's famous wall. But 1975 was also the year the centerfielder Fred Lynn became the first rookie MVP in baseball history, hitting .331 with 105 RBIs. Jim Rice's remarkable season had been eclipsed. It finished with a severe hand injury. The also-ran watched the play-offs and World Series from the dugout.

The worst was yet to come. When he arrived at spring training the following year, Rice was removed from left field, and Carl Yastrzemski returned to his old haunts from first base. Rice became the designated hitter, and while he still stroked 25 home runs, his average slumped to .282. "You can't stay loose just sitting on the bench waiting to bat in the first, fourth and eighth innings," analyzes Rice. "Staying in the game mentally is even harder."

**B**y last season, Rice had mastered the odd hit-and-sit rhythm, led the league in home runs with 39, had 114 RBIs and brought his average to .320. "I decided that if I was going to be a designated hitter, I was going to be the best designated hitter in baseball. I just worked on my hitting because hitting was my job. But I also worked on my fielding." With George Scott injured and Yaz filling in at first again, Rice has played more in the outfield this season, and played it well.

Through it all, he retained the quiet dignity that belies his age, and slowly Red Sox fans began to warm to the young South-erner. Boston was one of



**Wrists cocked, Rice seeks just another hit**

*And nobody leaves in the ninth.*

the last major league clubs to include blacks on its roster. It was only last year that the organization began an affirmative-action program designed to put more minorities in nonplaying positions.

Jim Rice helps erase lingering legacies with each swing of the bat. He has become enormously popular with fans as well as with his teammates, who respect him as a soft-spoken leader with a spine of steel. His personal style is Brahmin conservative. He favors vested suits and solid sedans, all in muted tones. Married to his high school sweetheart, he lives in suburban Peabody during the season and returns to Anderson during the winter. There he plays golf almost daily. Rice, of course, is *long* off the tee. On the road, a large collection of tapes and a cassette deck make up his carry-on luggage.

Handsome and articulate, he is in demand as a spokesman for the team. It is Rice who makes television pitches for franks in Boston and banks in South Carolina. His image adorns a range of products, including cars and cleats. One Boston company raffles off a bat and a ball to fans for each of his hits, and another has started a contest to determine the best anti-Rice device for opposing teams. Among the suggestions: put a fourth outfielder in an airplane to catch his towering drives and station another on the Massachusetts Turnpike that runs beyond the wall.

"I don't know how many home runs I can hit," muses Rice, "and I don't care. I just want to get hits, and the homers will be there. People forget that the first thing a home run is, is a hit." People, perhaps. But not pitchers. ■

# Cinema

## Fake-Out

CAPRICORN ONE

Directed and Written by Peter Hyams

Now that June is here, junk movies are busting out all over. *Capricorn One* is the first decent one of the lot: it kills two hours with a breathless progression of incredible plot twists and daredevil aerial stunts. Even at its silliest—which is quite silly—this thriller makes *The Greek Tycoon* seem like a slow yacht to China. At its best, *Capricorn One* almost matches the trashy highs of *Coma*, the junk movie of the year to date.

The film's title refers to a NASA mission to send a trio of astronauts (James Brolin, O.J. Simpson, Sam Waterston—don't you love it?) to Mars. Unfortunately for the astronauts, NASA is headed by a devilish schemer (Hal Holbrook) who decides to fake the Mars landing in a TV studio rather than risk failure and a cut-off of appropriations. Predictably, the mad scientist's plans go wrong, wrong, wrong. *Capricorn One* turns into a vivid chase involving NASA henchmen, an investigative reporter (Elliott Gould), a crop-dusting pilot (Telly Savalas) and a couple of bloodsucking desert reptiles.

Director Peter Hyams' script does its best to exploit the latest fashions in paranoia. There are interwoven conspiracies and cover-ups; every U.S. Government official on view is a venal scoundrel. Hyams' cynical fantasies about the space program are an especially amusing treat. He suggests, with malicious wit, that NASA's space walks could actually have taken place on Earth: indeed, he demonstrates that for the price of a video camera and a few buckets of sand, any American can take a giant step for mankind in the privacy of his own home.

It's too bad Hyams did not push him-



Savalas and Gould in *Capricorn One*

A progression of twists and stunts.

self harder, for *Capricorn One* could be better. If the film had a few fewer plot holes, a bit more narrative depth and far less signposting dialogue, it might even have been a space-age *Manchurian Candidate*. A classier cast would also have helped. Gould, Holbrook and Waterston are all in fine, easygoing form, but Brolin and Simpson are useless heroes: they are not big enough stars or good enough actors to make us care about their fates.

Even so, the failings of films like *Capricorn One* are part of the special charm of pulpy summer movies. They should have saggy sections so that moviegoers can engage in such seasonal activities as smooching, scratching sunburn and relieving themselves of beer. For that reason, *Capricorn One* must be savored before Labor Day—at which point its brief shelf life will run out.

—Frank Rich

## Bad Sign

DAMIEN—OMEN II

Directed by Don Taylor

Screenplay by Stanley Mann and Michael Hodges

Damien, the devil's spawn of *The Omen*, which was such a large success two summers ago, is alive and well and living in Chicago in this sequel. Unfortunately, the movie is not well at all and cannot even be said to be alive. One expects little enough from sequels, but even that bare minimum is not attained by this clunker.

Part of the problem is that little Damien has miraculously aged almost a decade in the two years since we left him tearless at his parents' grave, a nominal orphan at five. That angelic-looking child—so hard to believe Satan had anything to do with him!—is now a broody cadet in a military school. Though the devilry goes somewhat further than short-sheeting the beds or spreading rumors about saltpeper in the food, there is still not enough contrast between Damien's visible aspect and his true nature to make him either lively or ironic.

Beyond that, the film makers have disastrously erred by telling their story in a bluntly objective manner. One reason the original worked so nicely was that events unfolded mainly from the point of view of Damien's disbelieving parents. Even after they began to see that there was something fishy about their offspring, they still had to discover the hard way just how large was the conspiracy of devil's disciples assigned to protect the secret of his origins and mission. In the new movie most of Damien's protectors telegraph their satanic allegiance the minute they appear, and William Holden as his decent uncle-guardian is constantly kept at a distance from the lad's evil doings. Since we are also shielded from the few suspicions that Holden is permitted, we never make the kind of identification with a strong, appealing, endangered figure that the horror genre requires. The result is a movie full of much tedious talk relieved by the occasional gaudy murder.

For the record, Lee Grant plays Holden's wife, the veterans Sylvia Sidney and Lew Ayres are present as early victims of the devil's ire. Damien and his cousin, who seems to represent heaven-inspired goodness, are played by Jonathan Scott-Taylor and Lucas Donat. In the end, Damien survives, for no good reason except the producers' hopes to squeeze one more sequel out of him. It is, of course, possible that they are Beelzebub's agents in a new strategy of boring us so profoundly that we will turn to evil to cheer ourselves up.

—Richard Schickel



Astronaut James Brolin confronts a rattlesnake in a desert cave

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# Books

## An Unapologetic Anthology

THE NEW OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH LIGHT VERSE

Edited by Kingsley Amis; Oxford; 347 pages; \$13.95

"Never apologize! For what you anthologize." So, if anyone had thought of it, might run the motto for this entertaining and occasionally exasperating selection of poetic japes and fripperies. Novelist Kingsley Amis is not just a wickedly funny writer (read *Lucky Jim* several times); he is also a critic known for his strong and aggressively idiosyncratic opinions. With the venerable Oxford imprimatur on his side, Amis' poetastering now becomes what the next several generations of readers will have to swallow.

That will not be hard to do. Amis' anthology is almost totally unlike the first *Oxford Book of Light Verse*, compiled by W.H. Auden and published 40 years ago. For all its literary ground breaking and the recognition it brought to nonserious poetry, Auden's collection displayed crippling drawbacks: much of it was of the hey-nonny-nonny variety, and too much of it was not funny. This lapse was intentional. Auden saw humor as incidental to light verse; far more important, he claimed, was the quality of common speech that all classes of society could understand. Milton wrote for the educated elite; the light-versifier hummed to a sim-

pler, more general rhythm and turned his hand to things like this:

*My lady is a pretty on.  
A pretty, pretty, pretty on.  
My lady is a pretty on  
As ever I saw.*

Egalitarian principles aside, a little bit of this (and Auden printed a lot) goes a long, weary way.

Amis, on the other hand, does not give a rap about poetry for the masses. His aim, he writes, was to put together "a reactionary anthology," and he has succeeded. Defining light verse is like breaking the idea of a butterfly on the wheel, and Amis wisely avoids stating last words on the subject. But his general categories are small enough to exclude Chaucer, Skelton, Dryden, Pope, Burns and most of Edward Lear ("whimsical," Amis says, "to the point of discomfort"). Amis wants poems that raise "a good-natured smile." He argues that "light verse need not be funny, but what no verse can afford to be is unfunny." He stresses the technical hurdles that the light poet must erect and then clear; since he is up to something trivial, the artist must do it perfectly. "A concert

pianist," Amis writes, "is allowed a wrong note here and there; a juggler is not allowed to drop a plate."

As Amis' introduction piles condition upon condition, the fear arises that his book will consist of blank pages. Instead, the anthology presents nearly 300 separate entries, the work of more than 120 poets. The only major writer to receive substantial space is Byron. Though it is preferable to read *Don Juan* whole, Amis' excerpts do underscore this long poem's consistent, sparkling hilarity. Byron on government bureaucrats is, unfortunately, still timely. Ask a neighbor, he advised:

*When for a passport, or some other  
bar*

*To freedom, he applied la grief  
and a bore).*

*If he found not in this spawn of  
tax born riches.*

*Like lap dogs, the least civil sons  
of bitches.*

Amis includes a respectable swatch of Jonathan Swift speculating on his coming demise and of T.S. Eliot musing on cats ("Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity. There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity"). John Betjeman, England's reigning poet laureate, displays a light touch at *vers de société*. Robert Graves is captured in several nonmythic moods. A couple of songs by Noël Coward read less jauntily than they sing. Auden the anthologist did not



John Betjeman



Jonathan Swift



Edward Lear



Lord Byron



Peter de Vries



Robert Graves



Phyllis McGinley



W.H. Auden



T.S. Eliot



Noël Coward

*"Tell me by what art thou bindest! On thy feet those ancient shoon! Tell me, Grinder, if thou grindest! Always, always out of tune."*



*Back then, the working woman could enter the field of her choice.*

**You've come a long way, baby.**

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## Books

let Auden the splendid comic poet into his book. Amis generously corrects this blunder.

But the leading lights of Amis' collection are frequently less than well known. One of the book's funniest poems, period, is an ironic encomium to an organ grinder by C.S. Calverley (1831-84). A typical stanza:

*Tell me by what art thou bindest  
On thy feet those ancient shoon:  
Tell me, Grinder, if thou grindest  
Always, always out of tune.*

Desmond Skirrow (1924-76) uses but twelve well-chosen words in *Ode on a Grecian Urn* summarized:

*Gods chase  
Round vase.  
What say?  
What play?  
Don't know.  
Nice, though.*

Amis also shows a knack for presenting familiar poets in unfamiliar guises. He dutifully includes not only Lewis Carroll's *Jabberwocky* but also a dead-on parody of *Hiawatha*: ("From his shoulder Hiawatha/ Took the camera of rosewood—/ Made of sliding, folding rosewood..."). A.E. Housman's familiar Hellenic manner is turned inside out in his version of a hilariously mistranslated Greek tragedy: "O suitably-attired-in-leather-boots/ Head of a traveller, wherefore seeking whom/ Whence by what way how purposed art thou come..."

Amis' editorial quirkiness digs up much of value that would otherwise have stayed buried. But there is madness in his method. He is happiest being outrageous, and the best way to do that in his native England is to mock liberal pieties. Amis' convincing impersonation of a Colonel Blimp drifting rightward obliges him to include several mediocre poetic slaps at the left that simply do not meet his own standards. He gives space to a few Americans, including Bret Harte, Robert Frost, Peter de Vries and the late Phyllis McGinley. But he omits John Updike, who, when he chooses to be, is probably the best writer of light verse alive.

Given the speed with which Oxford anthologies become holy writ, Amis' peculiarities are regrettable. It is impossible, though, to pull a long face at his collection. The poems he assembles are pleasing, instructive and full of laughter. Even the index of first lines is surreally mad-cap. Take the sad little story told in the first five:

*A lesbian girl of Khartoum  
A maiden there lived in a large  
market-town  
A scandal or two  
A tail behind, a trunk in front  
A tangled web indeed we weave*

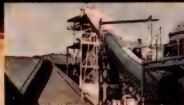
— Paul Gray

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## Books

### The Past Recaptured

OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS

by Mina Curtiss

Houghton Mifflin; 243 pages; \$9.95

For most of her life, writes Mina Curtiss, she had an incurable obsession: she could not resist reading other people's mail. When she was a child, Mina was caught going through her mother's love letters in the attic. Shortly after she returned from her honeymoon, she read her husband's letters from his first wife. "I was convinced," she explains, "that the clue to the secret of life, the creative process, lay in personal letters intended for somebody else." Finally, in middle age, she turned her disreputable habit to professional use. In 1947 the sneak reader openly set out to gather the letters of an equally passionate voyeur, Marcel Proust. The story of her search is a book of rich and irresistible charm that might stand as Proust's own epilogue.

Traveling to Europe two years after World War II was an adventure itself. Food was scarce, few rooms were heated, and even electricity was rationed. But Curtiss, who comes from a rich Boston family—her brother is Lincoln Kirstein,



Mina Curtiss

*Turning a disreputable habit to use.*

a founder and patron of the New York City Ballet—had all the advantages of money and connections. Establishing herself in the Paris Ritz, she made it her job to befriend Proust's friends and to beg or borrow those precious letters.

Some people handed them over willingly; others had to be persuaded. One of the latter was Prince Antoine Bibesco.

After many phone calls, Bibesco finally invited her to his apartment and dumped a great album of letters on her lap. "Now, you'll be sweet to me," he exclaimed. "Now you'll go to bed with me. Look what a lovely bed it is . . . I thought I was impotent. I have been for months. But you have roused me, you marvelous amazon. Let me kiss your lips." Curtiss put quest before scruple: "After all, I figured, the letters are unique and there are plenty of women who must like this kind of approach or he wouldn't have continued using it." In fact, the chore was less onerous than she had feared. "I must hand it to the Rumanians," she confided to her diary. "Their idea of impotence in old age is the Anglo-Saxon notion of potency in the prime of life."

A more unselfish helper was Céleste Albaret. Proust's companion and housekeeper from 1913 until his death in 1922. In her late 50s, when Curtiss met her, Céleste and her husband, Odilon, who had been Proust's chauffeur, were running a dreary, working-class hotel on the Left Bank. Mme. Albaret's memory was a library in itself: she seemed to have cross-indexed and indexed everything Proust had done or said. At one point, she told Curtiss, the master had been thrilled by a letter from a "M. Henri Jammes." Jammes—Henry James—had written that he

**FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT**  
KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGUS.

**FOR JOCK ITCH**  
KILLS JOCK ITCH FUNGUS.

**KILLS FUNGUS ON CONTACT**

Aftate Athlete's Foot

Aftate Jock Itch

Aftate Jock Itch



# Marvin Kalb spots clues Sherlock Holmes might miss.

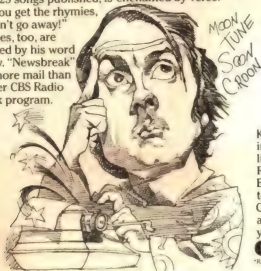


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for me...  
somebody is  
going to pay!”**

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## Books



Marcel Proust

"His sticky flattery was not to my taste."

thought *Swann's Way* the greatest French novel since the *Charterhouse of Parma*, but feared that Proust, like Stendhal, would never be recognized in his lifetime.

Eventually Curtiss published her *Letters of Marcel Proust*, and it brought a poignant meeting with the Countess Gref-fulhe, one of the models for the Duchess de Guermantes. All that remained of her remarkable beauty was exquisite bones and unique-colored eyes, which her cousin, the famous Count de Montesquiou, had compared to "black fireflies." Her memory was still young, however, and Proust was as vivid in mind as the day he walked into her salon. "I didn't like him," she recalled. "His sticky flattery was not to my taste. There was something I found unattractive about him... But, of course, I never saw him after he turned out to be a genius."

—Gerald Clarke

## Bloody Irishmen

MORTAL FRIENDS

by James Carroll

Little, Brown; 607 pages; \$10.95

Doom hangs on this grandly hewn novel like fog on the Cliffs of Moher. Colman Brady, a Tipperary bridegroom, waiting for the dawn of his wedding day, wakes his brother and sister for a nocturnal trek. Their goal is "a rock shadow over the village, at once enchanting and threatening"—one of those mysterious neolithic monuments that mark the fringes of Western Europe, ancient altars still defying the new Christian God. Chilled, the two siblings retreat. Brady greets the sun alone with exhilarated hope. It is a false dawn. A chill grips Brady's life for four decades and 600 pages.

As Novelist James Carroll shapes it, Brady wages his war against the fates over

a vast and richly colored terrain, ranging from the Irish rebellion of the early 1920s to the Kennedy era of the '60s. Brady plunges into the rebellion: he captains a bloody ambush and emerges as hero and cherished aide to the historical patriot Michael Collins, whose negotiating team he accompanies to England. But the resulting treaty triggers civil war at home, and Brady's family, save for infant Micko, is wiped out. Bitterly, Colman and son embark for America.

There he rides the coattails of a rising Boston politician named James Michael Curley. Because the Curley machine needs Brady's Italian North End in its pocket, Brady arranges a pardon for a notorious Sicilian Mafioso named Gennaro Anselmo. Dishonesty continues to lure Brady: he builds an insurance empire through which his new friend Gennaro sluices his racketeer's profits. Carroll's message is an old one: with such mortally dangerous friends, one needs no enemies. Time and again, the man who won his first fame by setting up an ambush is himself waylaid by his friends.

Throughout this long, vivid saga, Novelist Carroll thoroughly exploits the *Ragtime* device—an interplay of historical figures with fictional characters. The portraits of the authentic personae are intriguing, but the question recurs: Are they real? Bobby Kennedy blackmails Brady's son into planting a bug in Anselmo's office. Young Brady protests that "it's not legal." Replies the Attorney General. "F— legal." The late Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston talks with the senior Brady about a dispensation so that his son can marry a Protestant. "I listen for the voice of God," says Cushing at one point, "but to tell you the truth, he don't speak my language. What I listen to mainly is pain." But did Cushing ever say anything like that? Did he, as the book also suggests, drown his painful illnesses in alcohol?

More troublesome is the fictive Curia



James Carroll

Affection for the church, wards and all.

Cardinal Borella. It is easy to imagine Borella blithely exchanging a dispensation for a substantial "offering" earlier on in the book. But it seems vaudeville villainy when the Sicilian prelate, learning casually about young Brady's connection with Robert Kennedy's investigation, warns the Mafia in Boston.

Nevertheless, James Carroll—an ex-priest but still a committed Catholic—is not simply lashing out at his alma mater. A basic affection for the church, wards and all, shines through. So does his priestly sense of morality, his conviction that not even a life of deepening compromise can ultimately elude the Hound of Heaven. Inside corrupt Colman Brady is a just man screaming to get out, and in the book's final, purging episode, he makes that desperate leap—to save not his own soul but another's. Even at the end of a terrible trail of carnage, Carroll seems to be saying, there may be a glimmer of salvation.

—Maya Mohs

## Editors' Choice

**FICTION:** *Atsushi, Barry Hannah*  
Final Payments, *Mary Gordon*  
Kalki, *Gore Vidal* • Picture Palace,  
*Paul Theroux* • *The Winding*  
According to *Garp, John Irving*

**NONFICTION:** *A Place for Noah, Josh Greenfield* • *A Savage War of Peace, Alistair Horne* • Samuel Beckett,  
*Deirdre Bair* • Scribble, Scribble,  
*Nora Ephron* • The Gulag  
Archipelago III, *Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn*

## Best Sellers

### FICTION

- 1 The Holcroft Covenant, *Ludlum* (1 last week)
- 2 Bloodline, *Sheldon* (2)
- 3 The Human Factor, *Greene* (3)
- 4 Scruples, *Krantz* (4)
- 5 The Thorn Birds, *McCullough* (5)
- 6 Stained Glass, *Buckley* (8)
- 7 The World According to Garp, *Irving* (7)
- 8 The Last Convertible, *Myer* (6)
- 9 Kalki, *Vidal* (10)
- 10 Goodbye California, *MacLean*

### NONFICTION

- 1 If Life Is a Bowl of Cherries—What Am I Doing in the Pits?, *Bombbeck* (1)
- 2 The Complete Book of Running, *Fixa* (2)
- 3 Pulling Your Own Strings, *Dyer* (4)
- 4 My Mother, My Self, *Friday* (3)
- 5 Memoirs, *Nixon* (9)
- 6 A Time for Truth, *Simon* (8)
- 7 Running and Being, *Sheehan*
- 8 Adrien Arpel's 3-Week Crash Makeover Shapeover Beauty Program, *Arpel with Ebenstein* (5)
- 9 Metropolitan Life, *Lebowitz* (7)
- 10 Gnomes, *Huygen & Poorwitz*

# Press

## A Right to Rummage?

Police can frisk newsrooms, says the court

Campus sit-ins were nothing new in 1971 when demonstrators seized part of the Stanford University Hospital, but student editors of the *Stanford Daily* (circ. 15,000) covered the event anyway. A wise move. Violence broke out, and nine policemen were injured. Three days later the police, armed with a search warrant, barged into the *Daily's* offices looking for photographs that might help identify their assailants. They found nothing of use, and the *Daily* filed suit. Eventually, two lower courts found that the paper's constitutional rights had been violated, and the

able cause to believe that fruits, instrumentalities or evidence of a crime will be found."

The Stanford ruling came only weeks after Chief Justice Warren Burger declared, in an opinion in another case, that journalists have no greater right to free speech than other people do. Though the justices have a mixed record on press-freeedom issues, last week's decision was seen by many journalists as unmistakable evidence of court hostility to the press. Los Angeles *Times* Editor William Thomas blasted the decision as "incredible and terrible." ABC News Commentator Howard K. Smith called it the "most dangerous ruling the court has made in memory." Washington *Star* Executive Editor Sidney Epstein was afraid the court had removed an essential press "safeguard," while the Washington *Post* editorialized that police had been given "the right to rummage" in journalists' files.

What troubles newsmen is that, in practice, police can often find a judge willing to issue a search warrant, with slight justification. And search warrants do not prevent investigators from poring over all sorts of things while looking for the specific evidence they are seeking. Journalists are afraid this could have a chilling effect on sources, who might choose to remain silent for fear that their names would be found on a stray scrap of paper during a search. Edward W. Barrett, publisher of the *Columbia Journalism Review*, envisions a distressing scenario: "A newspaper in Blankville, Tenn., starts an exposé of police corruption, and at 11 o'clock some night, police come in with a warrant given by a docile judge. They get to the reporter's notebooks and find out who the informant is within the police department. They fire him, and this inhibits other informants."

In the New York *Times*, Columnist James Reston asserted that had the ruling been in effect a few years ago, it could have prevented publication of the Pentagon papers by the *Times* and the pursuit of Watergate by the Washington *Post*. In the case of the Pentagon papers, he says, federal investigators could have gone right into the New York hotel room where the *Times* staffers were preparing the classified documents for publication and seized them, presumably as evidence of a theft. As for Watergate, Reston contends that the ruling would probably have enabled agents of the Nixon Administration, conceivably pursuing evidence of the break-in, to march into the *Post's* offices "in a position to intimidate everybody in command." Whether such a move would

have stopped pursuit of the matter is doubtful, but Reston has a point about how a Deep Throat might be intimidated: "If the police can demand access to newspaper files, under court orders which the Government can easily demand, then anybody who differs with the Government will hesitate to tell the truth."

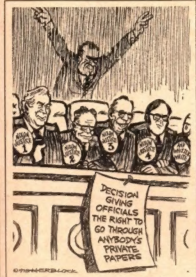
Journalists have a tendency to cry wolf whenever the courts seem to them to be trespassing on the sanctuary of press freedom; the impact of such decisions is sometimes milder than expected. The Supreme Court ruled in 1972, for instance, that journalists who observe a crime have no absolute right to protect confidential sources, but judges have generally been reluctant to send uncooperative reporters to jail. In fact, after last week's decision, Deputy Attorney General Benjamin Civ-



Officer searching *Stanford Daily* files in 1971  
But judges have to consider re-election.

iletti said that the Justice Department would draw up procedures limiting federal searches of newsrooms and would seek subpoenas before search warrants. He could not guarantee, however, that local judges and police would show similar restraint.

Stanford Law Professor John Kaplan suspects that they might. "Most judges have to think about being re-elected," he said, "and they do recognize the crucial role of the local press in that process." On the other hand, there have been at least ten newsroom invasions by police since the Stanford incident. "If police come to view newsrooms as places where they can routinely get information, this decision will have more of a chilling effect than any previous case," says Floyd Abrams, a noted constitutional lawyer who helped win the Pentagon papers case for the *Times* in 1971. "Then it will be a different kind of country from the one the First Amendment was designed to preserve."



police were ordered to pay \$47,000 in attorneys' fees.

But last week, in a decision that startled editors across the nation, the U.S. Supreme Court reversed those rulings. In a 5-to-3 decision, the high bench concluded that police seeking evidence do indeed have the right to push unannounced into a newsroom—or any other place—as long as a judge has issued a search warrant, even if the occupant is not suspected of involvement in a crime. The majority rejected the contentions that police should first seek a subpoena, which can be contested in court, and that freedom of the press under the First Amendment gives newsrooms much more protection against unreasonable searches and seizures than is granted, say, to banks or doctors' offices or private residences, under the Fourth Amendment. Writing for the majority, Justice Byron White concluded: "Valid warrants may be issued to search any property ... at which there is prob-

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## Press

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

## Overdosed on Excitement

If relations between the Carter Administration and the press have recently been at an unhappy low, there are some who reason that by a President's second year, things are usually that way. Others blame the situation either on the shortcomings of the press or on Carter's people. But Stephen Hess, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, thinks "a more basic reason is boredom."

"The fact is that Jimmy Carter and his entourage bore the Washington press corps," Hess writes in the *Washington Post*. "Reporters in the capital have had a steady diet of excitement in recent years—with the exception of the brief Ford interregnum—and have come to require bigger and bigger doses of news intoxicants." Certainly neither Vance nor Brzezinski is as fascinating as Kissinger (their side comments are never as memorable as his), and Carter isn't as outlandish as Lyndon Johnson or as malignant as Nixon. What to do then?

The journalist's job is to make the important interesting. But it isn't easy: just look at those dull graphics behind any network anchorman as he nightly tries to animate a subject like inflation. Boredom isn't something journalists like to acknowledge; it is merely endured. That ancient Chinese curse, "May you live in interesting times," wouldn't seem a curse to a journalist. Editors deal in novelty and discovery; the negative and less talked-about side of this is knowing when to spare the reader the overfamiliar. *Newsweek* editors were once oddly attached to a cynical acronym, MEGO (My Eyes Glaze Over), applied to subjects they didn't want to hear more about. But anticipatory boredom can lead to being sated by a subject without having fully explored it. When the news trails off but the space or the air time to be filled is as large as ever, an editor's eyes cannot glaze; they have to open wider.

The easiest refuge in dull times is to hype a story—to make every major or minor shenanigan a Watergate (as in Koreagate, Lancagate and Hollywoodgate). Maybe you can excuse the Washington columnist or the fellow on the beat for tired coinages like that, but you shouldn't excuse the editor who prints them. An editor is always free to change a subject rather than try to inflate it. With Washington less exciting, the cover stories in the newsmagazines again range more widely, to science, medicine, entertainment and sports. Too many magazines and newspapers have also turned—to the displeasure of those who think life is real and news is earnest—to boutique journalism, to trendy preoccupation with *you*: your health, your dinners, your frustrations. Remember when news meant only what happened to others?

Watergate begat a rush of investigative reporting, but there have been few triumphs, since documented scandals are harder to come by than gossip innuendoes about people in public life. Newspapers do better at reporting significant social trends and developing reporters who can piece together complex situations. Proud an editor may be of these, but it's still the dramatic news story that makes his adrenaline jump. Not just out of a preoccupation with the sensational. Aldo Moro's kidnapping had all the terror and suspense of an Eric Ambler thriller, but it illuminated for millions the divisive strains in Italian society. A melancholy event was also an absorbing civics lesson.

Unfortunately, the premature boredom of American newspaper editors is most acute in the area of foreign news. They assume that Americans are weary of unsolvable problems in unpronounceable places. The foreign correspondent is now an endangered species. The only newspapers with more than a handful of staffers abroad are the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*. Their best stories often reflect the correspondents' enterprise when news in an area isn't hot. Yet other papers have cut out or cut down foreign staffs, and rely on A.P. news or rent somebody else's coverage. The result is to confine the reporting of world news to too small a group—to the perceptions, the industry, the imagination and the availability of a shrinking band of reporters.

The most scandalous neglect occurs in prospering newspaper chains. Being linked together presumably give them not only economies of management but also a chance to share editorial opportunities. Yet the wealthy Newhouse chain, with 29 metropolitan papers (circ. about 3.5 million), has no foreign staff. Neither has the Knight-Ridder chain, with important papers in Detroit, Philadelphia and Miami. The Gannett papers (circ. 3 million), which proudly report increased earnings for 42 quarters in a row, now have 77 papers—and not one foreign correspondent. How are you going to discover interesting news if you're not out there looking?

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